iz and Eddie answer 8 intimate questions about their marriage

PHOTOPLAY

DECEMBER

25¢

HOLIDAY CONTEST

vin 5-minute phone call

rom KOOKIE,
FABIAN,
ROCK
ELVIS

LIZ and EDDIE

Breck Hair Set Mist



A SOFT, FINE SPRAY THAT IS GOOD TO YOUR HAIR HOLDS CURLS BEAUTIFULLY IN PLACE FOR HOURS



IT DOES NOT MAKE HAIR STIFF

Breck Hair Set Mist is a fine, gentle spray that leaves hair soft to the touch, never stiff or dry. This fragrant spray contains lanolin which brings out your hair's natural lustre and beauty. It is good to your hair.

IT DOES NOT MAKE HAIR STICKY

This soft spray does not make hair sticky. It holds curls beautifully in place for hours, even in damp weather. To renew its gentle hold just draw a damp comb through your curls—no respraying is necessary.

- Use after combing, to hold hair in place
- Use before combing — style as you comb
- Use for pincurling

2 oz. size 65¢; 5½ oz. size $1.25; 8 oz. size $1.50; 11 oz. size $2.00. All plus tax.

Beautiful Hair

B R E C K

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ENJOY SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S STORYBOOK ON THE ABC-TELEVISION NETWORK — MONDAY, NOVEMBER 30TH, "RAPUNZEL."

Every time you brush your teeth,

finish the job... reach for Listerine



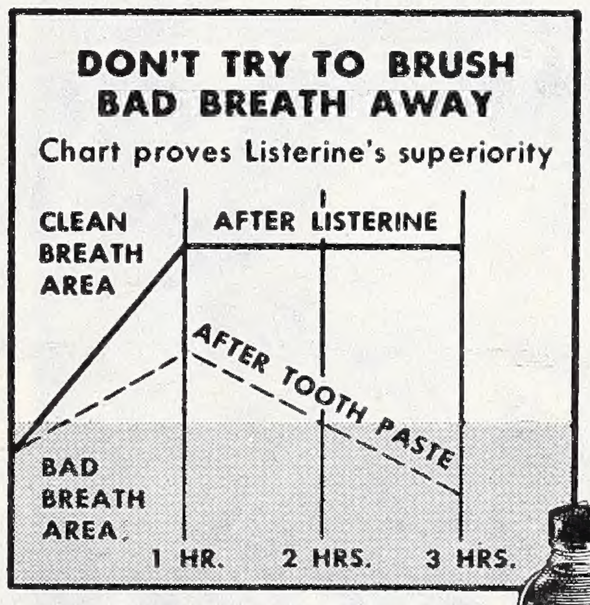
Listerine Stops Bad Breath 4 Times Better Than Tooth Paste

Tooth paste is for your teeth; Listerine is for your breath. Germs in your mouth and throat cause most bad breath. You need an antiseptic to kill germs, and no tooth paste is antiseptic.

Listerine way* of stopping bad breath covers 4 times as much germ-laden mouth and throat surface as tooth brushing does; and Listerine covers all this surface with cleansing, germ-killing action. (No wonder, when you rely on tooth paste, bad breath returns four times faster, by actual clinical test!)

Feel Listerine's germ-killing action clean and clear your mouth. No tooth paste is antiseptic, so no tooth paste kills germs the way Listerine does . . . on contact, by millions. Always reach for Listerine after you brush your teeth.

*See directions on label.





Reach for Listerine®

. . . every time you brush your teeth

Want to look prettier

be more Exciting?



Color your Hair

SO EASILY • IN MINUTES
WITHOUT BLEACHING OR DYEING

Nestle Colorinse glorifies your natural hair shade with glamorous color-highlights and silken sheen. Colorinse also removes dulling soap film, makes hair easier to manage, unbelievably lovely! 12 colors that rinse in...shampoo out! 29¢

NESTLE COLORINSE

Nestle Colortint intensifies your natural hair color OR adds thrilling NEW color. Colortint also blends-in gray hair to youthful new beauty! More than a rinse but not a permanent dye—Colortint lasts through 3 shampoos! 10 fabulous shades. 35¢

NESTLE COLORTINT



Nestle

HAIR COLORING SPECIALISTS
FOR OVER HALF A CENTURY

DECEMBER, 1959 VOL. 56, NO. 6

PHOTOPLAY

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S MOVIEGOERS FOR OVER FORTY YEARS

VOTE FOR YOUR GOLD MEDAL AWARD WINNERS

GOLD MEDAL BALLOT **70** Who Will Be the Favorites for 1959?

EXCITING NEW CONTEST

29 Win a Five-Minute Call From a Star
PINUPS **30** Fabian, Elvis Presley, Edd Byrnes, Rock Hudson

EXCLUSIVES

SANDRA DEE **38** Why Don't You Tell the Truth About Your Father! *by Anna Rosenko*
LIZ & EDDIE **40** First Exclusive Interview *by Art Buchwald*

ARTICLES AND SPECIAL FEATURES

JAMES DARREN **34** Can You Outgrow Someone You've Loved? *by George Christy*
PINUPS **36** Friday the 13th
CAROL LYNLEY & BRANDON DE WILDE **44** What Girls Can't Understand About Boys, and Vice Versa *by Arlene Johnson*
KAY KENDALL & REX HARRISON **46** Till Death Do Us Part *by Charlotte Dinter*
GALE STORM **48** "Can I Grow Up to Be a Mommy, Too?" *by Gale Storm*
CONNIE FRANCIS **50** Let's All Go Over to Connie Francis' Pajama Party *by Isabel Marziglian*
ALAN LADD **54** The Things I Really Wanted to Tell My Son *by Alan Ladd*
SAL MINEO **56** Why I'm Sure There Is a God *by Sal Mineo*
58 All-Time Great Beauties—and Why
KEELY SMITH **62** "Boy, Is She Fast!" *by Keely Smith*
MILLIE PERKINS & DEAN STOCKWELL **64** She No Longer Has to Pretend *by Jane Ardmore*
TY HARDIN & ANDRA MARTIN **66** "Darling, I Think I'm Going to be a Father" *by Dorothy Day*

YOUNG IDEAS

4 Monthly Record by George
13 Readers Inc.
18 Becoming Attractions
20 Your Needlework
76 Where to Buy
86 Answers to November's Puzzle

NEWS AND REVIEWS

10 Hollywood for You *by Skolsky*
22 Go Out to a Movie
28 Now Playing (Brief Reviews)
28 Casts of Current Pictures
94 Inside Stuff *by Sara Hamilton*

COVER PHOTO: Elizabeth Taylor and Eddie Fisher by Pictorial Parade

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Your January issue will be on sale at your newsstand on December 3rd

Photoplay is Published Monthly by Macfadden Publications, Inc., New York, N. Y. **Executive, Advertising and Editorial Offices** at 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Editorial branch office, 321 South Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif. Irving S. Manheimer, President; Lee Andrews, Vice-President; S. N. Himmelman, Vice-President; Meyer Dworkin, Secretary and Treasurer. Advertising offices also in Chicago and San Francisco.
Subscription Rates: $2.50 one year, $4.00 two years, $5.50 three years in U. S., its possessions and Canada. $5.00 per year all other countries.
Change of Address: 6 weeks notice essential. When possible, please furnish stencil-impression address from a recent issue. Address change can be made only if we have your old as well as your new address. Write to Photoplay, Macfadden Publications, Inc., 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.
Manuscripts, Drawings and Photographs will be carefully considered but publisher cannot be responsible for loss or damage. It is advisable to keep a duplicate copy for your records. Only material accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes or with sufficient return postage will be returned.
Foreign editions handled through Macfadden Publications International Corp., 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Irving S. Manheimer, President; Douglas Lockhart, Vice President.
Re-entered as Second Class matter May 10, 1946 at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and other post offices. Authorized as Second Class Mail P. O. Dept., Ottawa, Ont., Canada.

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THESE ARE THE FOUR LIVES THAT REVEAL THIS GENERATION.
THIS IS THE ONE MOTION PICTURE THAT CUTS TODAY'S WORLD TO ITS CORE!



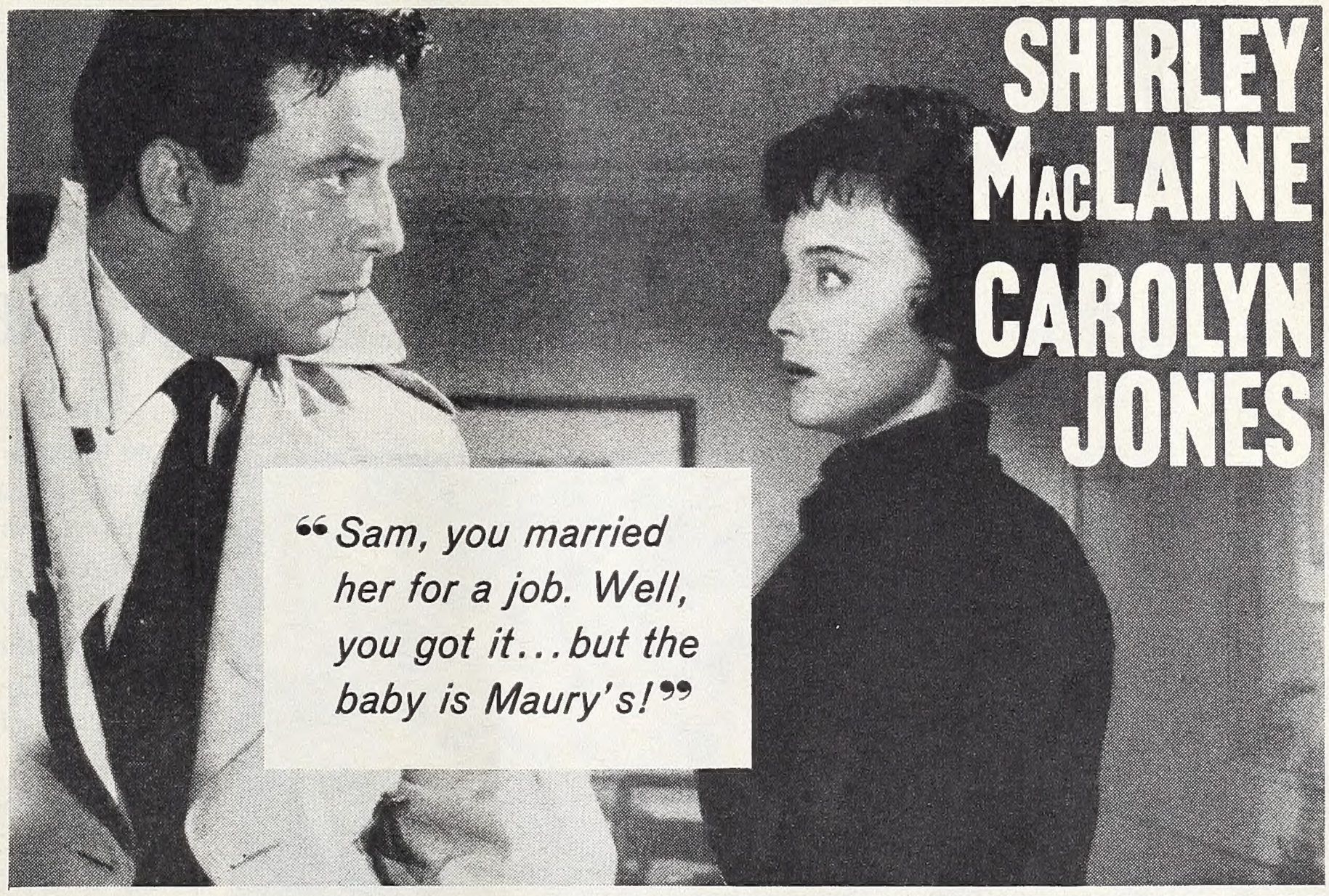
A woman's Career is loving...

a man who corrupts her love for his own Career gets hurt— the way it hurts hardest!





DEAN MARTIN
ANTHONY FRANCIOSA



SHIRLEY MacLAINE
CAROLYN JONES

HAL WALLIS' PRODUCTION "career"



and introducing JOAN BLACKMAN · and co-starring ROBERT MIDDLETON · Directed by JOSEPH ANTHONY · Screenplay by JAMES LEE · A Paramount Release ®

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3

All the news that's hip to print

The Monthly Record

By GEORGE

Vol. 1. No. 10 November, 1959

THE NAME IS CRASH CRADDOCK

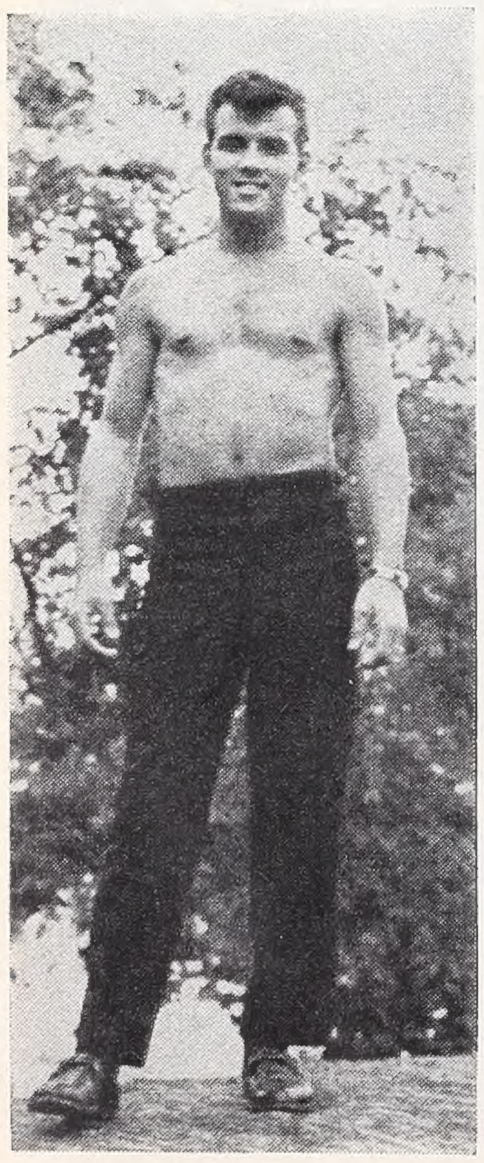
Have you heard his Columbia record, "Boom Boom Baby" backed with "Don't Destroy Me"? Then for everyone's info, Crash is handsome, husky, with brown eyes and brown hair.

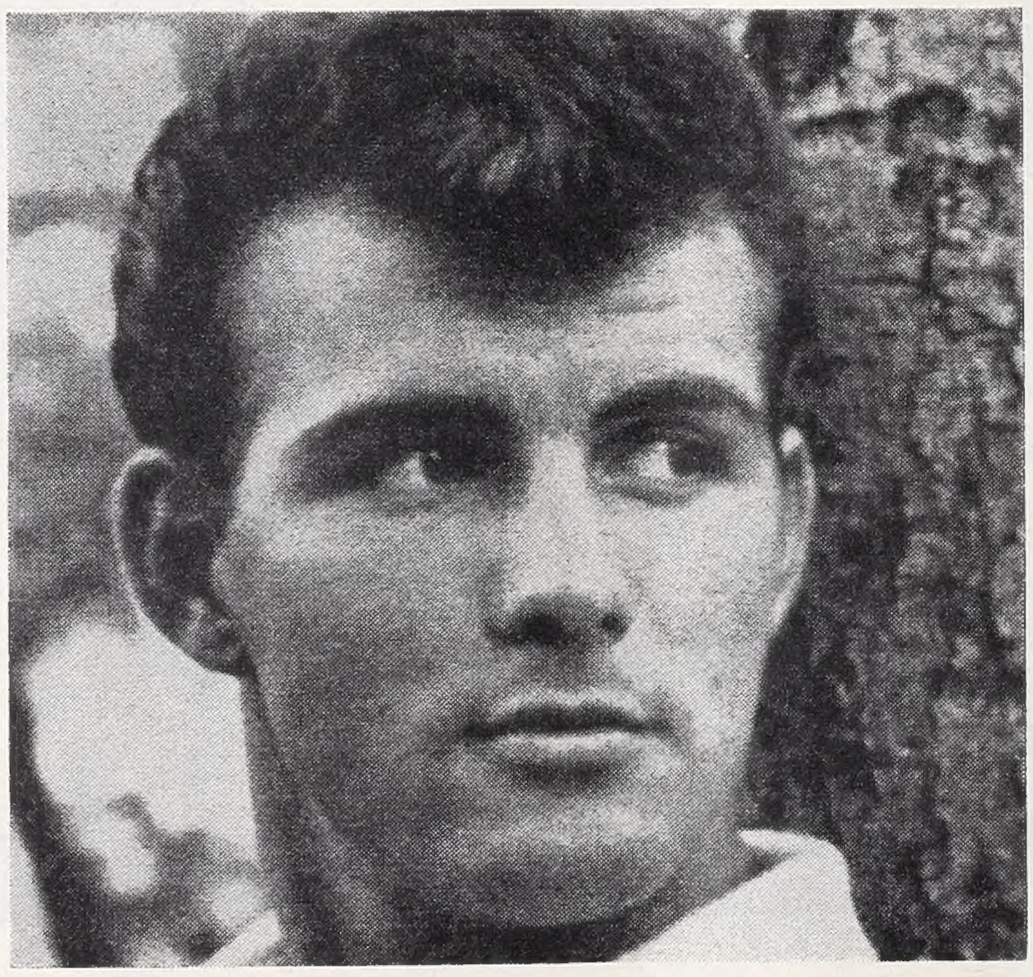
Crash, who turned nineteen this year, says this about his name: "It was the final quarter of a close football game at Greensboro, North Carolina, and I crashed through the line for a touchdown! I've been called Crash ever since." (Before that, he was Bill.)

The youngest of thirteen children, Crash has been fiddling with a big-boy guitar since he was six.

"I always liked a shy, dark-eyed gal who kind of agreed with me on things!" admits Crash. The one who took him out of circulation and to the altar is Mae Lanning, who works in Greensboro at Burlington Mills, pairing silk stockings together.

"We have a good time just being ourselves. We're simple people," he says, "and that's how I want my singing to be, easy and down-to-earth."





If you're tired of your name, there are lots of ways to get yourself a new one—but don't try the one Crash took.



Bobby likes 'em different.



He's got troubles.

BACHELOR CORNER: man talk

Check your lipstick next time you go to the supermarket. That's where Walt Disney discovered songbird Roberta Shore. . . . When they take a break at "77 Sunset Strip" rehearsals, Edd Byrnes buries his nose between the hard covers of "I Was a Teen-Age Dwarf," a kookie book all about *Dobie Gillis'* girl troubles. *Dobie's* on CBS-TV, too, played by Dwayne Hickman. . . . Bobby Darin confesses, "I go for a gal who's willing to try longhair things now and then—like a museum, concert or ballet." . . . Roger Smith's pet peeve is people who tell off-color jokes. . . . If your guy's six feet tall, weighs between 180 and 200 pounds and has a bit of acting ability, send him over to 20th Century-Fox pronto. He's the guy they're looking for to star in "The King Must Die!" . . . Paul Anka's new nickname: Speed.

THIS IS THE PLACE WHERE A BOY AND A GIRL DISCOVER DESIRE. WHERE ADULT EMOTIONS VIOLENTLY EXPLODE. WHERE THE PEOPLE, THE SINS AND SENSATIONS OF THE GREAT BEST-SELLER COME TO BOLD LIFE.

A Summer Place





FROM **WARNER BROS.** TECHNICOLOR®

By the author of 'The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit'

STARRING

RICHARD EGAN · DOROTHY McGUIRE · SANDRA DEE · ARTHUR KENNEDY

THE MOST EXCITING ROLE FOR TODAY'S TOP TEEN-AGE STAR

AND INTRODUCING A NEW YOUNG STAR SENSATION **TROY DONAHUE**

CONSTANCE FORD • BEULAH BONDI from the novel by SLOAN WILSON

Written, Produced and Directed by DELMER DAVES Music by MAX STEINER.

You'll hear the hit theme from 'A Summer Place'!

WARNER BROS. First in Motion Pictures, Television, Music and Records

ALBUM REVIEWS

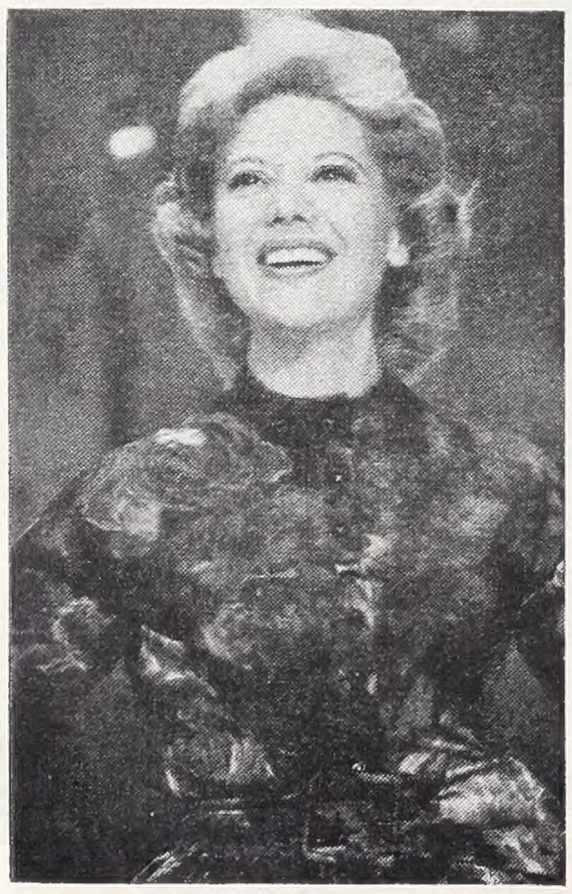
Dinah, Yes Indeed! The title's from an old spiritual and Dinah Shore sings it—and such standards as "It All Depends on You," "Sentimental Journey," "Taking a Chance on Love"—like she's never sung before. Capitol.

To You Sweetheart, Aloha: Here's one for lovers. Andy Williams explains that "Aloha" means "hello," "farewell," "welcome"—or "I love you." A handy word to know. Cadence.

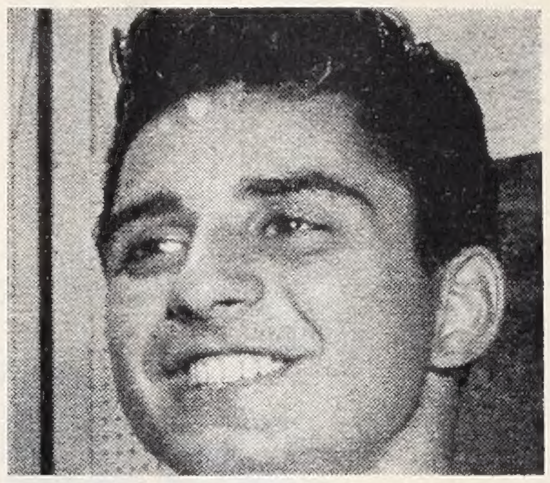
Como Swings: Perry swings a golf club on the cover. Inside, he does the same to "Begin the Beguine," "You Came a Long Way From St. Louis," "Honey." If you're a Como fan, you'll want this one. RCA Victor.



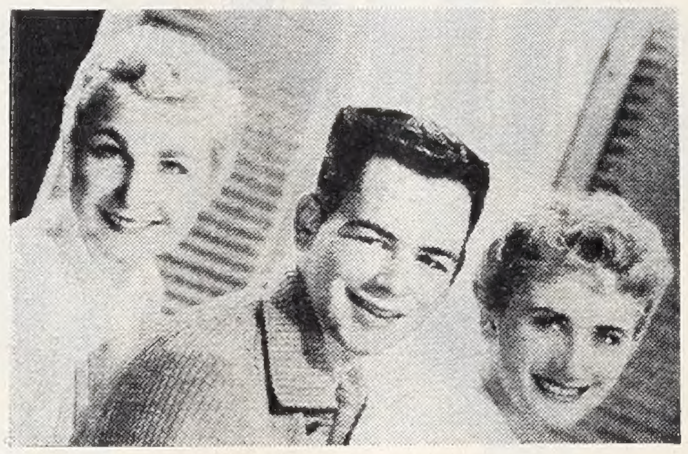
The Hawaiians have a word for it.



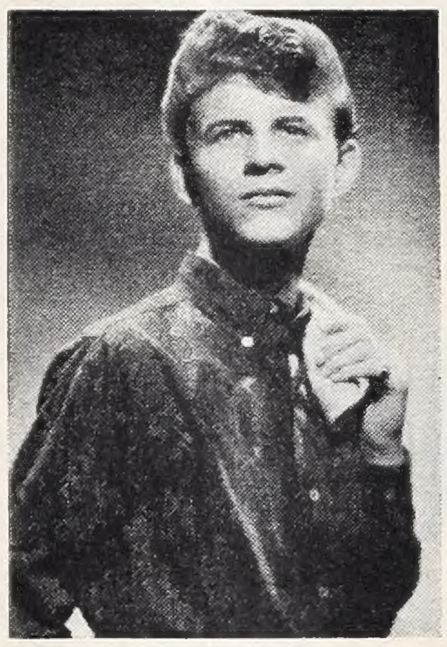
Dinah digs the oldies.



Don't argue with Johnny October.



The Fleetwoods are neighbors.



Bobby sounds like Jerry.

platter chatter

If you're the girl who sent her picture to Johnny Restivo but left off her name and address, hurry and write him. He flipped for the picture, wrote his RCA hit, "Dear Someone," just for you. . . . Did you know Johnny October used to be an amateur boxer? He's got a knockout with his new Capitol single: "Growin' Prettier" and "Young and in Love." . . . The Fleetwoods, whose Liberty disc of "Mr. Blue" is riding high, all hail from Olympia, Wash. In their teens, they play instruments by ear. . . . Seventeen-year-old Bobby Rydell, that "Kissin' Time" guy, does the wildest imitation of Jerry Lewis I've ever heard. . . . The Poni Tails do all their rehearsing while washing the dishes.

Gone Ape

The day dawns at 5:30 a.m., to the recorded sound of the mating call of a bull ape.

And for fourteen solid hours, Jacksonville, Florida's WAPE sounds off with the ginchiest rock 'n' roll you ever heard—from Elvis to Fats Domino to Jackie "Mr. Excitement" Wilson. When it's time for station breaks, the signal is the ape's roar.

Station engineers have been so sent by this mating call, that they've taken to dashing about dressed in hairy-ape costumes. On sunny days, they stalk out to the highways to thumb rides downtown for lunch. What this does to traffic shouldn't happen in any man's jungle.

Even the paychecks at WAPE are decorated with ape-images and imprinted with the thoughtful message: "We would so welcome your saving this check as a souvenir instead of cashing it!"

The station's really gone ape all the way. I tuned in to them on a recent trip down south and then stopped at a drive-in movie. To see a revival of "King Kong," natch!



Jacksonville digs his crazy sound.

Now...MAXIMUM MOISTURE for dry thirsty skin!

New research shows 'Moon Drops' creates a reservoir of moisture...regulates the flow of moisture to give your skin a much fresher, firmer look!

Here's how this advanced formula assures your skin of *continuing* moisture that counteracts aging lines and dryness: 'Moon Drops' replaces moisture from the *outside*—and helps store it up *inside*. This creates a reservoir . . . a reserve supply of vital moisture on which your skin can draw at any time!

No other moisturizer ever made creates a reservoir this exact and scientific way.

Give your skin a full measure of moisture . . . the *maximum moisture* it needs!





Each, 3.00 and 5.00 plus tax.

***Constant* Moisture—Day and Night!**

'MOON DROPS' MOISTURE BALM. For intensive night-time moisturizing. Rich, yet so remarkably greaseless your skin absorbs it almost instantly!

'MOON DROPS' MOISTURE FOUNDATION. A light, protective base for day-time; gives a satiny finish under *any* make-up.

Revlon 'MOON DROPS'

FROM REVLON RESEARCH . . . SCIENTIFIC FORMULAS FOR WOMAN'S DELICATE SKIN CHEMISTRY



A pal could hurt Grace.



Is Burt sometimes too bossy?



Kate's enthusiastic.

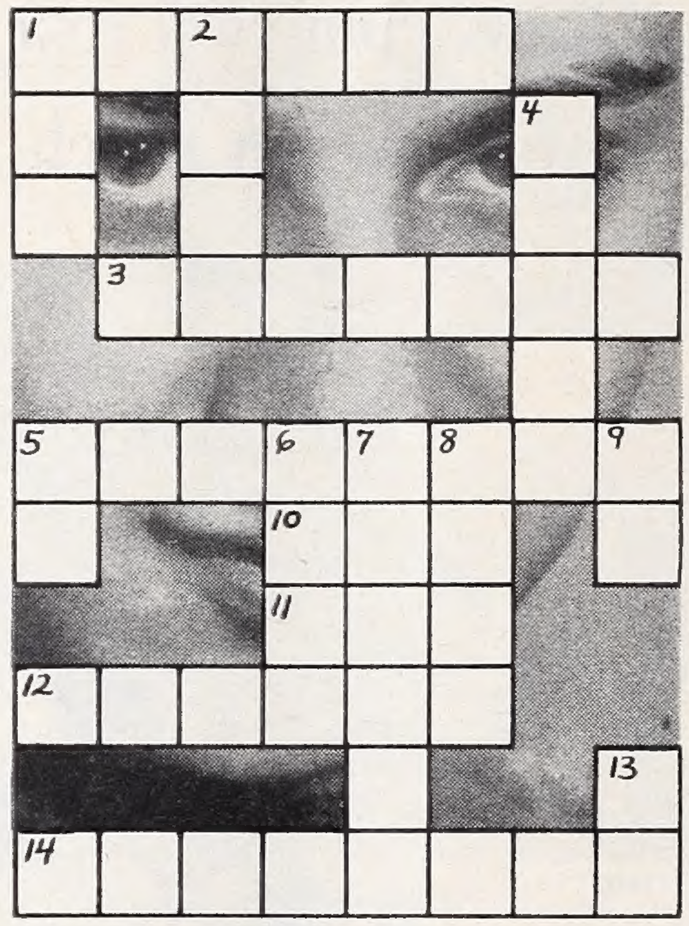
your monthly HOROSCOPE

If you were born between October 24th and November 22nd, you're a Scorpio. Shake hands with Tony Franciosa (Oct. 25), Burt Lancaster (Nov. 2), Katharine Hepburn (Nov. 8), Hedy Lamarr (Nov. 9), Grace Kelly (Nov. 12), Kim Hunter (Nov. 12), Jean Seberg (Nov. 13), John Kerr (Nov. 15), Gene Tierney (Nov. 20).

If you're a Scorpio, you're loyal, but look out—you can be hurt by a friend. You like frankness, but you may be likely to be a little bit domineering in love and romance. Still, one of your most engaging qualities is your enthusiasm.

If you're a Scorpio, you've a good shoulder for crying on and your friends are always coming to you for advice. Your lucky number is 9.

PUZZLES



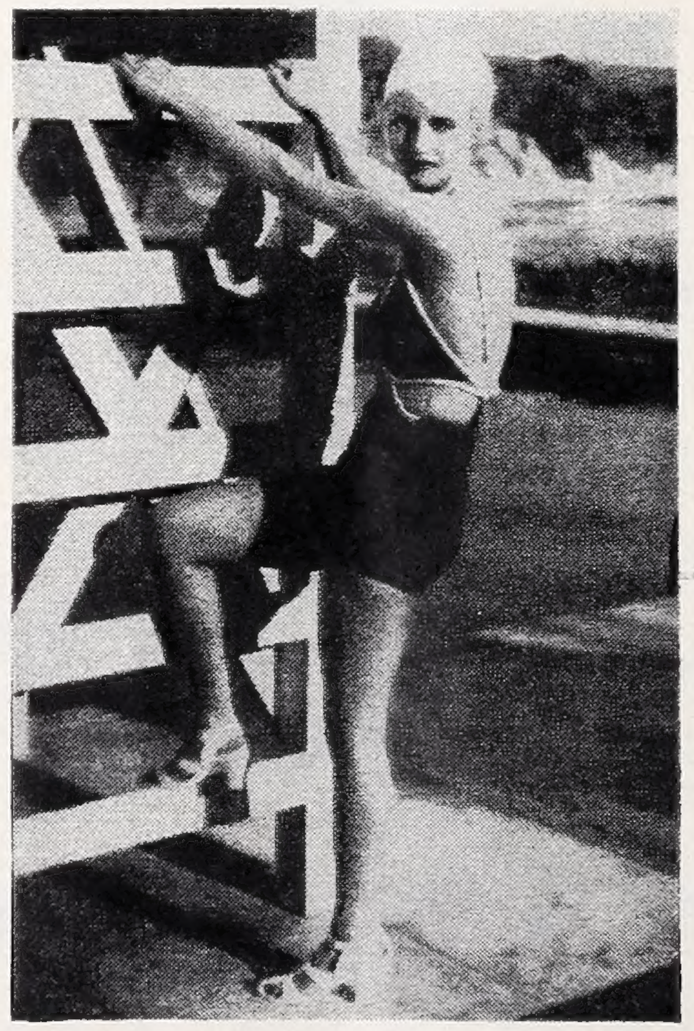
ACROSS

1. He sings of Mary Lou
3. The divine Sarah
5. Our singer of the month (pictured)
10. He sings of "Morgen"
11. Come up and see her
12. Bobby ———
14. He gives lessons in "Makin' Love"

DOWN

1. He has a hit with "What'd I Say"
2. She loves Porgy
4. "World of Talent" star
5. First singer to wear white bucks (init.)
6. Yvonne ———
7. "Just Ask Your Heart," he says
8. December 25th to Christine Carere
9. Garry Moore's summer replacement (init.)
13. You dig his "Teen Beat" (init.)

Can You Guess This Star's Name?



She's Bette Davis. Did you guess?

Fad Alley

Connie Francis tells you how to make a sleep-wig





Gals are hiding their curlers—and panicking each other at pajama parties—with stitch-'em-up-yourself sleep-wigs. To see what happened when Connie Francis' friends first discovered them, see page 50. Wigs are easy to make. We found out how from Connie and we've arranged for a free instruction leaflet. Just send a long, self-addressed, stamped envelope to: George, Photoplay, Dept. CC, 205 East 42nd St., New York, N.Y. . . . A teen in Chicago writes they've invented a new punch for spook parties. It's called "swamp water" and it's half-rootbeer, half-lime soda. . . . When Johnny Saxon went home to Brooklyn, he found out that, for big school dances, the guys *wire* their invites—even if the gal lives next door.



Angel Face makes all the difference. On the left, it's Golden Angel Face. On the right, it's Ivory Angel Face.

NEW COSMETIC DISCOVERY !

Now you can actually change your skin tone to go with any fashion color

Have *you* discovered the fashion genius of new Angel Face? It's the new sheer veil of powder and foundation in-one that lets you change your skin tone to make *any* fashion color flattering! From now on, you'd no more rely on one shade of compact makeup than you would on one lipstick!

Pond's discovery of *cosmetic-silicones* makes new Angel Face possible. Cosmetic-silicones create shades so soft and subtle they can't look artificial, heavy or masky . . . can't discolor . . . can't turn orangey. Buy new Angel Face today!

Choose your own loveliest shades

COSTUME-COMPLEXION COORDINATOR				
COSTUME COLORS	FAIR SKIN	ROSY SKIN	OLIVE SKIN	DARK OLIVE
	POND'S ANGEL FACE SHADES			
REDS-PINKS	IVORY	NATURAL	NATURAL	TAWNY
ORANGES-YELLOWS	GOLDEN	GOLDEN	GOLDEN	BRONZE
GREENS-BLUES	NATURAL	IVORY	PINK	BLUSHING
BROWNS-BLACKS	PINK	IVORY	BLUSHING	TAWNY
WHITE-NEUTRALS	NATURAL	TAWNY	BLUSHING	TAN

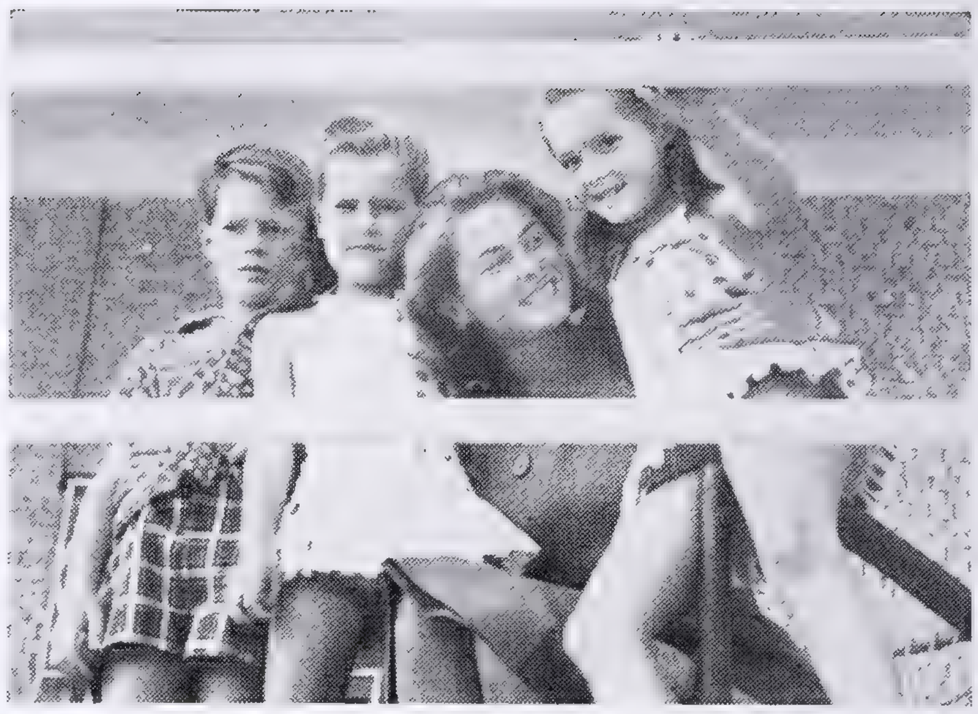


New! The fabulous "Fashion Case" holding the finest powder and foundation in-one, $1.25 plus tax.

New Angel Face by Pond's



Why does a fellow love Kim?



For why Ingrid's beautiful, see our story on page 58.

THAT'S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY



When I ran into them at a party, Paul told me all about Joanne.

I never believed Cary Grant and Rick Nelson would ever date the same girl, but they have. She's Yellow Bird, a showgirl at the El Rancho Vegas. . . . Of all the new actresses, Tuesday Weld can be the biggest box-office. . . . By the way, did you know that a New Face stays new for about six months in Hollywood? . . . In the midst of a party, Paul Newman told me: "I'll tell you about Joanne. If she quit acting, she'd become a child psychologist. I think she's studying at home now." . . . Robert Mitchum eats onions for lunch if he has to play a love scene with an actress he doesn't particularly love. . . . Now it seems as if Eddie Fisher had never been married to Debbie Reynolds. . . . Most movie shorts are too long. . . . Somehow Ingrid Bergman always looks prettier between marriages. . . . Why isn't Claire Bloom a bigger star? . . . Tony Curtis told me, "An unhappy poor man thinks money will make him happy, until he meets an unhappy rich man." Which should qualify Tony for the Philosophers' Club.

Judy Garland's singing voice is still full of hope. . . . I get fonder and fonder of Audrey Hepburn, but no matter how fond I get, she'll never surpass Katharine Hepburn with me. . . . Fabian is a good kid who looks as if he's collecting autographs. . . . Sophia Loren munches on raw hamburger meat the way you do on candy. . . . I'm betting we'll have a new Elvis Presley next year. And you know what? It might even be Elvis instead of another Frankie Avalon or Bobby Darin. . . . Kim Novak usually wants to know if a fellow loves her because she's a movie star or for herself. Both, Kim. . . . Edd Byrnes speaks English as if it had been invented six months ago by a jazz musician.

I'm waiting for Barrie Chase to dance in a movie. And for Kim Stanley to make another movie. Please! . . . Lana Turner has made a fortune by acting her age. . . . Milton Berle says he gets along with NBC's chief, Robert Sarnoff, like father and son—Bing and Gary. . . . Zsa Zsa Gabor adores the word adore. . . . One thing you can say for Jayne Mansfield and that is there's nothing subtle about her. . . . Errol Flynn told me that in Hollywood an actor shouldn't get married until he has saved enough money for the divorce. And That's Hollywood For You.

In just one hour...**you** can safely, permanently change the color of your hair!

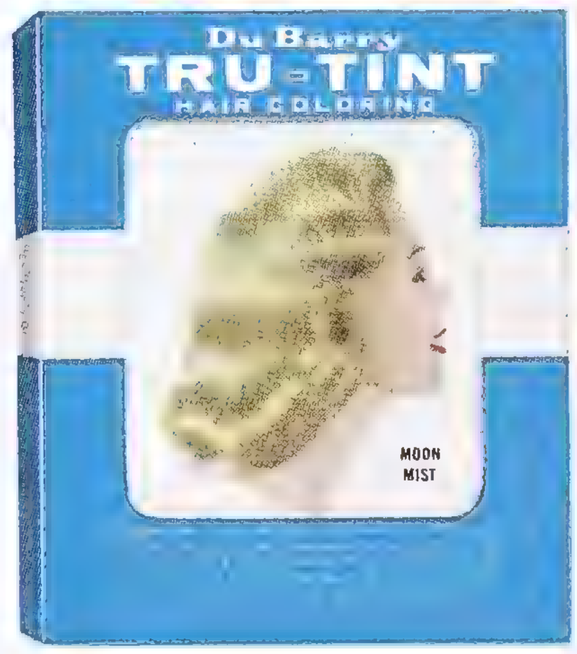


TRU-TINT

© 1959 Richard Hudnut

Unlike other hair colorings...'TRU-TINT' self-timing action shuts off automatically. You can't overtint!

Pick a color. *Any* color! And in just one hour, from start to finish, 'TRU-TINT' gives you the *precise* color you want, for keeps. Not a temporary rinse, but *permanent* hair coloring, 'TRU-TINT' lets you change to any dazzling shade your heart desires, even from dark to blonde . . . covers gray completely . . . or re-creates your own radiant, young-hair color . . . easily, *safely*.



COMPLETE COLOR KIT–$2.25*
(Enough for 2 Hair Colorings.)
**plus tax*

- **Only 'TRU-TINT' has the self-timing color control action** . . . devised by Du Barry scientists. Shuts off at just the right time, automatically. You *can't* overtint with 'TRU-TINT'!

- **Only 'TRU-TINT' comes complete with its own creme color developer.** Brings each shade to its exact peak of perfection, *without prebleaching*. Extra-rich texture means no messy drip.

- **Only 'TRU-TINT' has a built-in shampoo.** No shampooing your hair, before or after coloring!

- **Only 'TRU-TINT' has Exellin . . . conditions as it colors.** Leaves hair with lively, lovely highlights . . . shining with natural radiance . . . wonderfully manageable. For a fabulous new hair color, *so true, nobody knows but you*—choose from ten glorious young shades of 'TRU-TINT' *today*.

'TRU-TINT'...used safely by over 1,000,000 women!

NEW YORK *Du Barry* PARIS

SAMSONITE CHRISTMAS SPECIAL





Travel-tough vinyl covering won't show wear and tear...washes clean with a cloth for years of smart traveling.

***Look* at this value!** You save a healthy $3.00 when you buy this Samsonite Streamlite Beauty Case for Christmas giving – or for your very own. This is the luggage that keeps its first trip look...and the classic beauty of Streamlite stays in style! Sectioned tray for cosmetics and toiletries lifts right out. Full-width mirror for full viewing. Triple-strength construction means years of good use. Don't miss this Holiday buy on a famous Samsonite Streamlite Beauty Case.

NEW LOW PRICE $14.95



Comes in four colors to complement your costume: Saddle Tan, Ebony Grey, Hawaiian Blue, Rawhide Finish.

Samsonite Streamlite

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Readers Inc.

DEAR MISS PAIN:

I've just gotten an invitation to a Thanksgiving wedding and reception. It's from my girlfriend's older sister, who is getting married next month. The invitation is engraved and down in the corner is written R.S.V.P. My mother says this means you have to answer but I don't know how. My mother says I also have to give her a gift.

Ginny
Glendale, Arizona

Dear Ginny:

Your mother's right. A formal engraved invitation always requires a formal reply. Write (never type!) on folded notepaper (either plain or with your name engraved on the front flap) and follow this form:

Miss Virginia Smith
accepts with pleasure
(or: regrets she is unable to accept)
Mr. and Mrs. John Allen's
kind invitation for
Saturday, the second of January

Just because you've received an invitation doesn't mean you *have* to give a gift. However, if you attend the reception, you'll probably want to give something. If you don't attend the wedding, whether you give a gift depends entirely upon how friendly you are with the girl or her family. And remember, in sending a gift before the wedding, address it to the girl at her home; after the wedding, address it to the newlyweds at their new address or in care of her parents. Since wedding gifts are for the bride and groom, they should be presents appropriate for both. However, if you want to give just the bride a small, personal gift like lingerie, or a lovely sachet, save it for a shower or when she's in her new home.

DEAR MISS PAIN:

Can you help me out? The other night when my date called, I didn't know how to introduce him to my parents. They think they should meet a boy before I go out with him but I'm afraid this might scare him away. Not that there's anything wrong with my parents—they're real nice—but I'm only fourteen and don't you think a boy would think I'm serious about him if I want my parents to meet him? My girlfriend says it sounds like I was thinking of marrying him.

Janie
Kansas City, Mo.

Dear Janie:

Since you're only fourteen, don't worry. He knows you're not thinking of marriage—yet. But, did you ever think maybe the boy would like to meet your parents? And relax, introductions can be painless: you introduce the younger person to the older one; the boy to the girl. An easy way to remember is to say the name of the older person—or the girl—first: "Mother (or Mary), I'd like you to meet Bill." The time to worry, is when you forget his name! !

DEAR EDITOR:

I went to my boyfriend's house for dinner to celebrate his mother's birthday, and I guess because it was a special occasion, the table was all set with different plates—bread and soup and meat plates—and three and four different forks and spoons. My mother usually only has one, and sometimes an extra for desert. Well, when we sat down I felt kind of nervous because I didn't know what to say to Jimmy's old uncle, who was next to me, so I started eating my roll. A couple of minutes later, I saw him reach for the same roll before he noticed it was half-eaten. Then I realized I must have eaten his because there was another one on the other side of my plate. I got so embarrassed I dropped my fork and got gravy on the tablecloth and . . . oh, it was just awful. How do you know where your food begins and the other person's ends?

Wendy
Palo Alto, Calif.

Dear Wendy:

Here are some rules that'll help define your territory: bread plate on the right: water glass in front of you to the right; salad plate on the left. A safe cutlery rule: start on the outside and work in. And when in doubt, let the host make the first move.

DEAR EDITOR:

I've been dating this one boy pretty steadily since last summer, and my girlfriend Gladys says I should give him a present for his birthday. We haven't known each other very long when I had my birthday so he didn't give me anything. I'd like him to know I appreciate his taking me out, but I don't want to look too pushy.

Sally
Portland, Oregon

Dear Sally:

A gift could scare a boy away, so think twice before giving one. However, if you've dated for six months, it's quite all right for you to give him a birthday or Christmas present. And you're safest if the gift is inexpensive. We think a book is fun.

DEAR MISS PAIN:

Either I'm all mixed up or the boys I know are. What we can't seem to agree on is, who goes first? I thought a girl always goes down the aisle first at the movies and places like that, but last Friday night I started down first—and so did my date—and we both collided and I fell on top of a man who was sitting right on the aisle. And how about doors? If I start to open one myself, I usually get banged with it because *he* reaches out to open it too; but if I wait, I usually find myself standing, staring at a closed door.

Laurie
Peoria, Ill.

Dear Laurie:

You're right. The rule *is* ladies first. But if you keep on staring at that door and your escort still doesn't get the point, then try—but make sure you're too weak to succeed—opening it yourself. If he likes that he-man feeling, it'll open all kinds of doors.

P.S. Look for your letters here every month. We're sorry they can't be answered personally. P

Continued

confidentially...



My one ambition is to become an actress. I have blond hair and blue eyes. My favorite actress is Deborah Kerr. I'd like to be as wonderful an actress as she is.

EMILY SIMMONS
511 W. Henry
Greenwood, Miss.

I would like any pictures of Claudette Colbert, since she's my favorite actress. I'll trade other stars' pictures for them.

BETH LONG
21 Henry St.
Kings Park, L. I.

Clearing out my huge collection of movie-star pictures. Anyone interested in a specific star, write to me:

CAROLYN COSA
2111 Rucker Ave.
Everett, Wash.



I'm a real "Georgia Cracker" from the deep South and would love to have pen pals from everywhere. I live on a hereford ranch and plan to make music my career. I'm sixteen.

LIL CROSS
Colquitt, Georgia
Route #3

Have pen—will write—anyone, anywhere. I'm thirteen—like horses—like music.

PAT BEARDSLEY
Colman Hill Rd.
Jamesville, N. Y.

Anyone interested in Collie dogs, horses and dancing? If so, please write to me:

JANICE MCNEILE
Box 260 Mitchell Village
Morehead City, N. C.



I beg to express my desire to correspond with American college boys or girls, so that I may establish new friendships, improve my English, learn more about your country and further the Turkish-American youth relationship.

VIVI HASSAN
Kadikoy, Moda Caddesi 122/124
Ses Apartimani
Istanbul, Turkey

I'm much interested in collecting stamps and photos. I am twenty and studying in costing. Is there a boy or girl who would like to correspond with me?

VASUDEV S. AITHAL
Room No. 4, Patel Mahal
King's Circle, Matunga,
Bombay 19, India



Do you think there's a chance for me to get a break in the movies? I am five-years-old and I'm in Japan now. But I might go to the States in a few years. My mommy and daddy say it's okay for me to be a movie actress. I am 43" tall and weigh 39 pounds. I have brown hair and blue eyes.

KATHLEEN
c/o Mr. A. Irwin Switzer, Jr.
Office of the Comptroller
HQ. U.S. Army Japan, APO 343
San Francisco, California

I would like very much to correspond with American people interested, like me, in movies and music.

MR. ALMO MARIA
Rua Vilela, 307
Sao Paulo, Brazil



I am a girl of sixteen who desires a pen pal in the U.S.A.

I have black hair and eyes. My height is 5'1½". My hobbies are singing, dancing, Rock 'n' Roll, Cha, Cha, Cha, etc.

BENITA SOH
P.W.D. 24 Princess Road
Kuala Lumpur
Selangor, Malaya

Some of us guys serving on this desert island, avidly read your magazine since it keeps us posted on Hollywood doings and the latest movies. Except for movies, there's nothing much here to pass the time, other than reading. We'd appreciate it if some readers would send us their movie magazines and perhaps pin-up wall calendars for 1960. We'll gladly send view-cards in exchange.

P. MAX NAZARETH
c/o Cable & Wireless Ltd.
Bahrain, Arabian Gulf

Hi, I have 120 various sized pictures of Tony Perkins and 30 of Montgomery Clift. Anyone interested in swapping pictures of Rick Nelson, Tab Hunter or Fabian for these?

LYNNE DOWLING
70 Clermont St.
Albany, N. Y.

Want to join a fan club for actress-singer Maureen O'Hara? Please contact:

JOHN KOLCUN, PRES.
15 Queen Street
Binghamton, N. Y.

I've just started a Rick Nelson Tri-State Fan Club and would like new members from Delaware, Maryland and Virginia. For full information, write to me enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope:

RICHARD LOOSE, JR.
Bear-Christiana Rd.
Bear, Delaware

Wanted: members for a new Gale Storm fan club. Dues are 50¢ a year. You receive a membership card, monthly paper, official club pencil and two pictures of Gale.

JANICE EBERLE, PRES.
Gale Storm Fan Club
2632 N. 74
Wauwatosa 13, Wis.

There is now an official Christopher Lee Fan Club of America. If you want to join write to:

JESSICA WALLACE, PRES.
37 Water Street
Hallowell, Maine

Anyone interested in joining a Jill St. John fan club, write to me enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope:

JUDY SCHANER
Route 1 Plainview
Sussex, Wisc.

We hereby grant permission to Eddie Richardson, 7514 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 46, California, to formulate and be President of the only official fan club for our daughter, Evelyn Rudie.

MR. & MRS. EMERY BERNAUER

Come on and join The Andy Williams Music Bandwagon Fan Club. Dues, $1.00 a year. You receive pictures and news on everything concerning Andy and his music.

MARGARET WALKE
Box 340 Rt. 2
Connelly Springs, N.C.

Attention Nick Todd fans: We're now open for additional members. No fee. Only requirement is that you want to give Nick a boost. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

BARBARA LYONS, PRES.
3882 North 65 St.
Omaha 4, Nebraska

Need members for a fan club? Want a pen pal? Like to exchange fads? Write: Confidentially, Photoplay, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

Continued

EXCITINGLY NEW!
EXCLUSIVELY YOU!

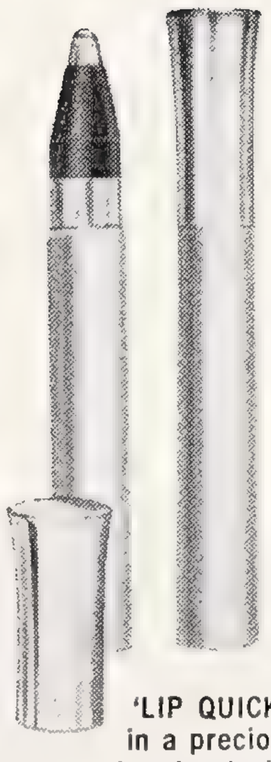
Are you the woman other women watch to see what's new and exciting in fashion? Then you are the fashion leader for whom Richard Hudnut created 'LIP QUICK'—the world's first roll-on lip color—in the slim, elegant, golden case. An original in every sense of the word! 'LIP QUICK' actually rolls on flowing color automatically. Takes the place of lipstick, lip liner and lip brush! The secret is in the exclusive well and ball-point action. Fresh, flowing color, stored inside, is released only when you apply it, as the rounded tip is pressed gently against your lips. 'LIP QUICK' outlines, shapes and colors lips, cleanly, quickly, easily. Greaseless, it can't smudge or smear. Creamy color stays on!



'Lip Quick'

The world's first roll-on lip color

by **RICHARD HUDNUT**



'LIP QUICK' in a precious jeweler-design case, $1.50 plus tax. Refillable.



Outline lips perfectly in 1-2-3 strokes!



Now—just moisten your lips!



Press lips together. That's all!

Ordinary lipsticks can break off or melt. 'LIP QUICK' won't. It never gets messy, never breaks. And it's so easy to apply. This flowing lip color can be used to the very last drop! Lasts twice as long as lipstick. Be first with the first new form of lip color in 40 years. Say 'LIP QUICK'—not lipstick. It's the exciting new fashion in beauty by Richard Hudnut. In 8 fabulous shades.

© 1959 Richard Hudnut



Readers Inc.

continued

Forty-three (Count 'em) Songs

Dear *Hound Dog,*
I'm Gonna Sit Right Down and Write Myself a Letter . . . Just Because . . . I Like Your Kind of Love. Looking Back . . . I'll Remember Tonight because *All I Have to Do Is Dream. I Need Your Love Tonight,* so please *Return to Me. With All My Heart, I Gotta Feeling . . . It's Only Make Believe,* but *Doncha Think It's Time* to *Come Softly to Me? It's Not for Me to Say,* but, *Great Balls of Fire! Why Don't They Understand* that *Love Is Strange? Get a Job* down in *Lonesome Town* and *Send for Me . . . I'm Available,* and *Singing the Blues,* so *Don't Be Cruel,* but *Love Me Tender. Oh, Lonesome Me,* I'd go *Around the World . . . For Your Love.* Your *Kisses Sweeter Than Wine* make this *A Very Special Love.* Don't . . . *Catch a Falling Star* —just write *Love Letters in the Sand* and *Wear My Ring Around Your Neck.* I'm *Devoted to You,* so give me *A Lotta Lovin'* under this *Blue Moon. Any Way You Want Me.* I'll be *Enchanted*—and remain a *Teenager in Love.* It's no *Twilight Time,* so *Loving You,* I'll say *Bye Bye Love.*

LYNNE ENERSON
Viroqua, Wis.

Murderers' Minuet

Will you be so kind as to tell me the name of the Boccherini composition played in the Alec Guinness picture, "The Lady Killers"?

ANNE B. PRICE
Lynchburg, Va.

String Quintet in E. Major! We don't only listen to Fabian!—ED.

Stuck in Philly

The one I would reach up and grab a star for is Edd Byrnes. I go ape, kookie and all that jazz over him. How lucky Sandra Dee is to get to meet him and go out with him. If I could have one wish come true, that'd be it. I don't know if he'd dig me.

Ah, well, all this wishing is hopeless. It looks like I'm stuck in Philly with Frankie Avalon's, Fabian's, Bobbie Rydell's and James Darren's families!

BRENDA SUE KURMAN
Philadelphia, Pa.

Suggestion: Ask your mom to join the PTA —so she can get to know the parents and you could get to know the sons.—ED.

Help Wanted

In the city of Chicago,
In nineteen thirty-three,
Was born a little baby boy
As cute as cute could be.
The years went by, as all years do—
To him, they had been kind—
And he found his way to Hollywood
With acting on his mind.
But this cute boy can also sing!
Let's help him reach the top!
Hear his records, then you'll agree
He's the cream of the crop.
Mark Damon is this young man's name—
Talented as he can be.
But he could use a little help
From folks like you and me.

KATHLEEN BARRILLEAUX
Baton Rouge, La.

Readers Inc.

continued

Kookie Vs. Zimbalist

It seems that the hit of today's TV
Is Kookie of the well-combed hair.
Well, this is one teen's opinion on
What is and what isn't fair.
I fear the feminine sex overlooks
The fact that Kookie is not
The only male on "Sunset Strip"
And the only cat on the block.
I find when I read the stories today
That appear in most magazines,
That to mention a man named "Zimbalist"
Is to make a square of a teen.
I protest the one-sided viewpoint
Of the conformist crowds that rage
That the charms of a man like Zimbalist
Date back to the Old Stone Age!
Do the habits and mannerisms of Kookie
Rank beside Zimbalist's smile?
Does Kookie's jazzy lingo
Impress, disturb, or beguile?
Let's not exclude the lasting things
For the momentary fad;
For me, it's the realm of Zimbalist.
Leave Kookie to his pad!

Incidentally, I'm sixteen and I don't consider myself a square. I wouldn't mind, either, being challenged on my views.

MARY M.
Bristol, Tenn.

Ever Think . . .?

Ever think the day will come when these people would record these songs?
"Turn Me Loose" by King Kong
"I'm A Man" by Frankenstein
"Kookie, Kookie Lend Me Your Comb" by Yul Brynner
"I'll Wait For You" by Teddy Roosevelt
"Tiger" by Captain Kangaroo
"I Go Ape" by Tarzan

MARIAN SEWARD
Camden, Mo.

Nope, we really don't!—ED.

Boy or Girl?

My Mother-In-Law says she read Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh had a baby boy. I thought it was a girl. Who's correct?

MRS. J. KUJAN
Queens, N.Y.

Tony says to tell you, "We have two adorable little girls—Kelly and Jamie."

A Smash Hit

If I were to produce a picture, I would cast the following actors and actresses:
Leading Actress—Sandra Dee
Leading Actor—Elvis Presley
Supporting Actress—Debbie Reynolds
Supporting Actor—Roger Smith
Others in the picture would include:

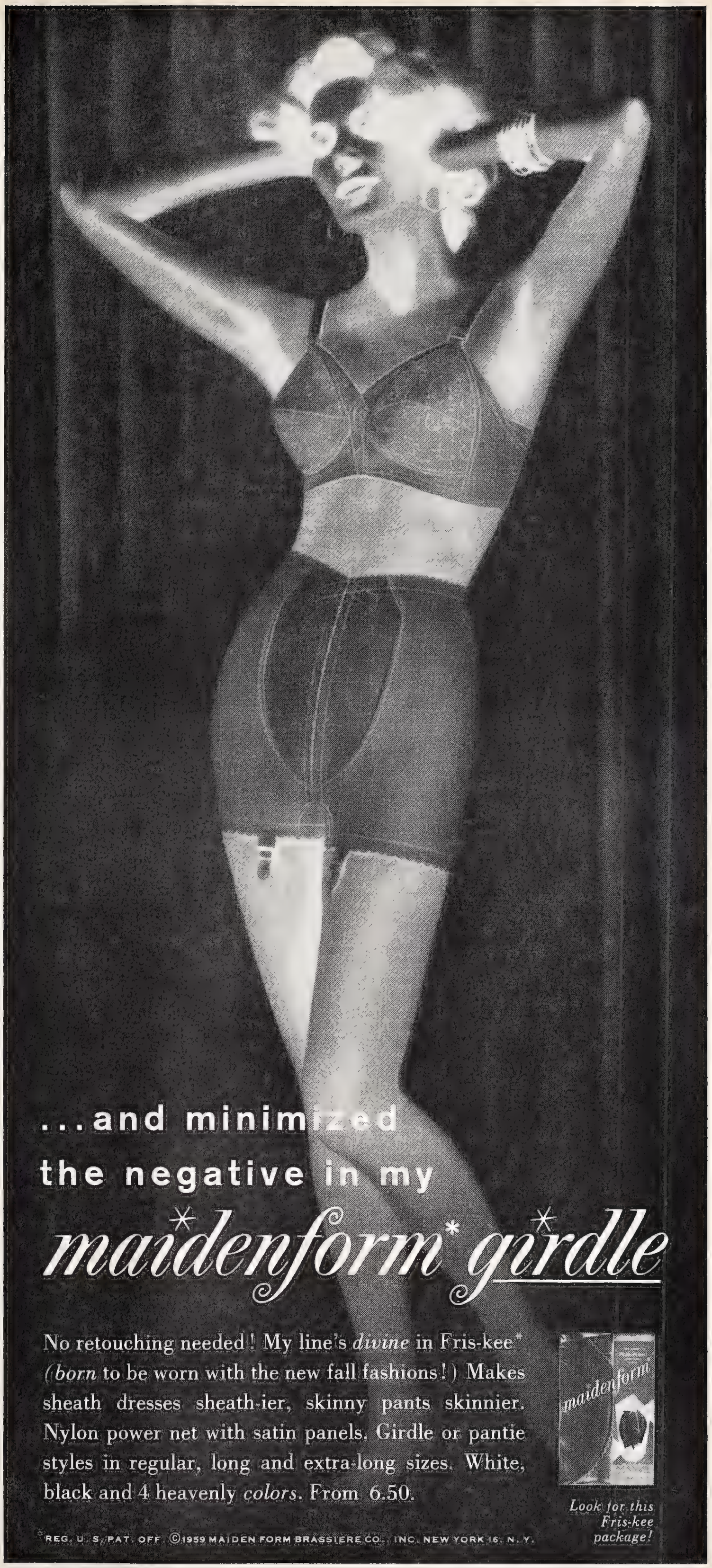
Rock Hudson	Tony Curtis
Clint Walker	Sal Mineo
Esther Williams	Rick Nelson
Barry Coe	John Wayne
James Garner	Carol Lynley

Wouldn't you say this picture would turn out to be a smash hit?

SHARON LAVISH
Kansas City, Mo.

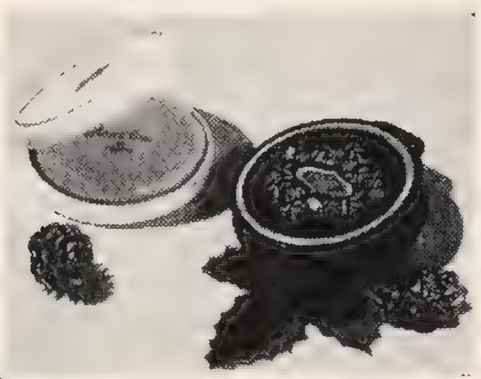
I'll say this, you sure know how to pick 'em. Seems to me, the only one missing from this spectacular cast, who would make it a sure-fire hit, is Lassie!—ED.

continued



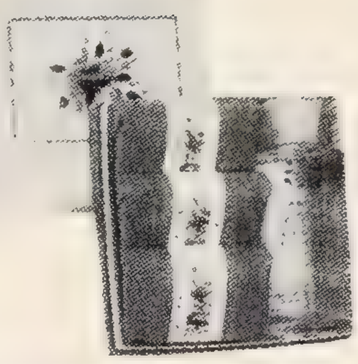
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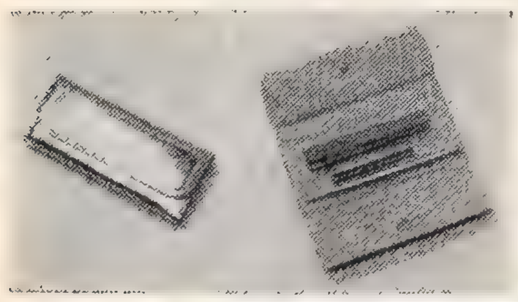
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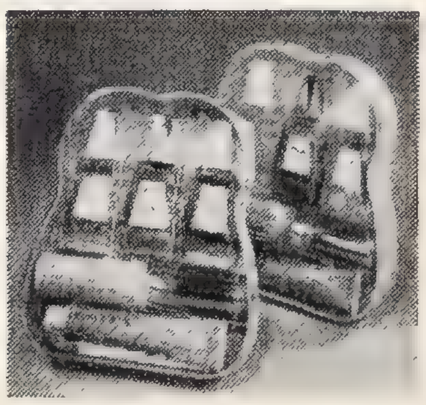
B

C





D



E

A. Traced with golden crowns, flowers, Pond's Fashion Case in ivory or ebony contains Angel Face compressed powder, plus puff, $1.25*

B. Tall order of bath-time beauty, Jergen's apothecary jar of Bath Salts, to use blissfully now, decoratively ever afterwards. A big 17 ozs., $1.50*

C. Red Roses for Christmas: Yardley's After Bath Freshener for a satiny finish, three plump cakes of soap for a bubbly beginning, $2.25*

D. Eyes bright for the holiday, or any day, with Revlon's Roll-On Mascara, Fine-Line Pencil and Eye Shadow Stick. All, in handy purse kit, $5.50*

E. Right at your fingertips, everything for nicer nails. "Five Minute" Set by Cutex, with manicure pretties, plus a Sheer Lanolin lipstick, $1.49*

*plus tax

Readers Inc. *continued*





Think Danny (right) looks like Ty?

Look Alikes

We all think Danny Convertini resembles the late Tyrone Power. Don't you?

Danny is a fine singer and actor and has appeared in many U.S.O. shows here in Detroit.

RITA, BETTY & MARIE
Detroit. Mich.

I Keep Insisting:

I keep insisting that June Allyson played the leading female role in "Magnificent Obsession." My sister insists it was not.

Could you set us straight as to who did?

PHIL POINTER
Farmer City, Ill.

Sorry! The female lead in this picture was Jane Wyman. Remember?—ED.



Rock and Jane in "Magnificent Obsession."

Itinerary

My idea of spending a day in Hollywood would be to:

Breakfast with Debbie Reynolds
Swim with Kirk Douglas
Luncheon with Frank Sinatra
Shop with Kim Novak
Dinner with Paul Anka

ELEANOR STORZINGER
Long Island, N.Y.

Annette

A—always loved by her many fans
N—nearly flips when Fabian Sings "I'm a Man"
N—named the Promising Vocalist for '59
E—everyone's darling, she's so devine
T—thoughtful and considerate to those she's met
T—tells you why, I think she's a pet
E—even though we've never met

DARLENE WHORLEY
B.C., Canada

Address

Loved Brandon DeWilde in "Blue Denim." May I have his address?

JACKIE CRAWFORD
Prescott, Ariz.

Brandon will receive your letter if you address it in care of 20th Century-Fox Studios, Beverly Hills, California.—ED.

Bring Back, Please!

One of the best movies I ever saw was "Gone With The Wind" starring Vivien Leigh as *Scarlet O'Hara,* Clark Gable as *Rhett Butler* and Olivia de Havilland as *Melanie.*

The acting and music were superb. I'll never forget "Tara's Theme" as long as I live.

I certainly hope they have a remake of this wonderful movie.

EVELYN JAHNKE
Cleveland, Ohio

Down-to-Earth

I had the good fortune of meeting Frankie Avalon a while back. I just want to tell everyone how down-to-earth and sincere he is besides being a good singer.

CHARLES HAWKINS
DeSoto, Mo.



He digs Frankie.

My Wish Came True

Some time ago, a motion picture was filmed in the Napa Valley where I live. I was very excited since I had never seen an actual picture in the making. The picture was Universal's "This Earth Is Mine" with Rock Hudson and Jean Simmons. I didn't get Rock Hudson's autograph since I was too shy to ask. But everybody was so very friendly.

Then I had a thought. If they're all this friendly, I'm going to write a letter to a star that I'd met in magazines and movies only. Sure enough, two weeks later my letter was answered. I was so excited I could hardly read it. It was from Sandra Dee, my favorite actress.

You see, my one dream was to someday make friends with a movie star. My wish came true.

PATRICIA BOTTLESON
Napa Valley, Calif.



Neville and John—are they doubles?

Another Look Alike?

. . . Everyone thinks my son John looks like Elvis Presley. What do you think?

MRS. CHARLES WISLOH
Brooklyn, N.Y.

We're more convinced he's a double for Neville Brand.—ED.

Write to Readers Inc.,* Photoplay, *205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. We regret we cannot answer or return unpublished letters. To start fan clubs or write stars, contact their studios.

Revolutionary 3-layer tablet for relief of

COLDS MISERIES AND SINUS CONGESTION

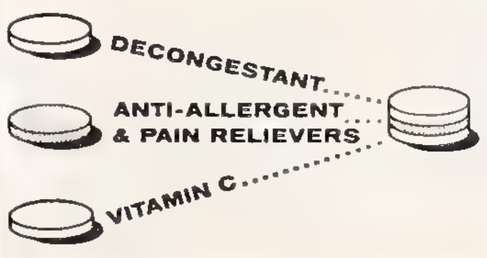


HELPS DRAIN ALL 8 SINUS CAVITIES

(critical areas of colds infection)

DRISTAN Decongestant Tablets, working through the bloodstream, bring dramatic relief from colds miseries, sinus congestion and pollen allergies. DRISTAN . . . amazing medical achievement . . . contains: (1) The scientific decongestant most prescribed by doctors. Reaches *all* congested areas in minutes . . . shrinks swollen nasal-sinus membranes . . . promotes drainage . . . restores free breathing. (2) An exclusive anti-allergent to block allergic reactions often associated with colds, plus a highly effective combination of pain relievers. Relieves body aches and pains due to colds, reduces fever. (3) Vitamin C, to help build body resistance to colds infection. For quick relief, get DRISTAN Decongestant Tablets. Note: Today DRISTAN is widely imitated. But the fact is . . . the exclusive DRISTAN Tablet formula *cannot* be duplicated. Accept no substitutes!

REVOLUTIONARY 3-LAYER TABLET



DRISTAN is the exclusive 3-layer tablet discovery which for the first time makes it possible to unite certain medically-proven ingredients into one fast-acting uncoated tablet!



There's Nothing like **DRISTAN**® *Decongestant Tablets*

P

19

BE YOUR OWN
"DRUG DETECTIVE"

COMPARE

vi-JON
ANTISEPTIC MOUTHWASH

LABORATORY ANALYSIS	vi-JON	BRAND X
TASTE	Same	
SMELL	Same	
INGREDIENTS	Same	
EFFECTIVENESS	Same	



and SAVE

SPECIAL BONUS offer

Get 6 Oz. Bottle FREE with purchase of 16 Oz. Family Size for... 49¢

BUY IT TODAY AT YOUR VARIETY STORE, SUPERMARKET OR DRUG STORE.

FOR COLDS • SORE THROATS • BAD BREATH
VI-JON LABORATORIES, ST. LOUIS, MO. • OAKLAND, CALIF.

YOUR NEEDLEWORK

Send twenty-five cents (in coin) for each pattern to: Photoplay Needlework, P. O. Box 123, Old Chelsea Station, N. Y. 11, N. Y. Add 5¢ for each pattern for 1st class mailing. Send additional 25¢ for Photoplay's Needlework Catalogue.



"The warmest way to send holiday greetings is with something you've made yourself," says Vera Miles. She's in Warners' "The FBI Story."



7240—To thrill that little girl on your list: Transfer, directions for 8-inch doll, pattern pieces for 4 doll's dresses and underwear.



7012—Embroider a gift for the house in the Oriental trend. Transfer of twin panels, 7½ x 21 inches. Color charts and full directions.



7068—Put Yule cheer everywhere. Applique pattern for 3 Santa caps, transfer of 7 heads and 4 holly sprays.



844—Stitch a cuddly pet with just two pieces plus ears. Pattern pieces for 4 toys and directions.

ONLY BOBBI HAS STYLE-SUPPORT TO SOFTLY HOLD MODERN HAIRSTYLES



For the new, softly controlled look of "*Melody*," Bobbi waves in style-support to keep it trim and tidy.



Bobbi's three kinds of curlers give style-support for the fliply casual look of "*Social Whirl*."



Style-support is the key to the lifted crown cap of "*Missy*"—soft and young. With improved Bobbi it's simple as setting.

New improved Bobbi waves in **style-support** with the ease and softness of a setting

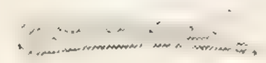


The easiest permanent to give yourself . . .

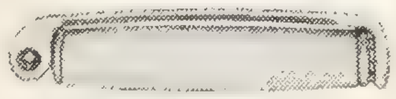
The only permanent with 3 kinds of curlers . . . waves in the style you want with the support it needs!

Style-support . . . the new Bobbi Pin Curl Permanent magic that lets you have and hold a soft, modern hairstyle as never before! Bobbi's three kinds of curlers give each waving area the curl strength it needs for modern styling. Bobbi's so easy! It's self-neutralizing and there's no re-setting. Just brush out natural-looking waves right from the start. New *improved* Bobbi—waves in style-support! Complete kit, only $2.00. Refill without curlers, $1.50. Look for the bright pink box.

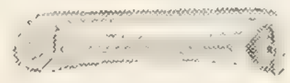
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6 LARGE SPONGE ROLLERS
for areas needing extra body or "lift".



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✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT ✓✓ GOOD
✓✓✓ VERY GOOD ✓ FAIR

get more out of life—

go out to a movie

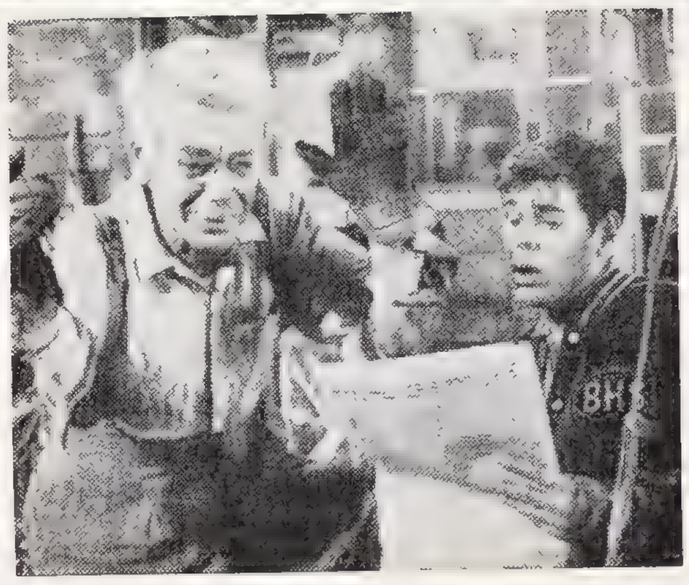
What's on tonight?

You've got to go out

to see the best! Look for

these new pictures

at your favorite theater





Career WALLIS: PARAMOUNT: VISTAVISION

✓✓✓✓ This film's about actors—but none of them gets discovered overnight. And that's what makes the difference. Here's a movie that steers around a lot of cliches—including that old one about Cinderella—and finally arrives at something very close to the truth about this business of acting. Anthony Franciosa, who can be more intense than anybody, and Dean Martin, who can be more relaxed, team up to make this point: There's no use trying to be an opportunist unless you're just naturally cut out for the job. One of them is; the other isn't. Either way, it's hard on the women who love them, and that gives Shirley MacLaine, Carolyn Jones (left, at bottom, with Tony) and newcomer Joan Blackman a chance to chew the scenery. They do it just fine. You can thank director Joseph Anthony for creating as authentic and convincing a picture as you're ever likely to see of the theater-TV-movie world. ADULT

The Last Angry Man COLUMBIA

✓✓✓✓ If you've ever loved a book and worried about what your favorite characters would look like on the screen, this is one time the movies do right by you. In the film version of this best-seller, Paul Muni is *Dr. Sam Abelman*, exactly as this reader imagined him, cranky, yet wonderful. And if he's angry, what goes on in the Brooklyn slum around him gives him good reason. And even when he gets angry at his patients, you know, under that towering rage, he'd do anything for them—except cater to them in the way high-priced specialists, like his boyhood friend Luther Adler, do so profitably. Gerald Green, whose father is rumored to be the real-life model for *Dr. Abelman*, has adapted his own novel of a TV producer (David Wayne) who tries to maneuver the old doctor into a live documentary show, complete with drug-company commercials. Two new young actors worth watching here are Joby Baker, who's the eager-beaver nephew (left, at top, with Paul Muni), and Billy Dee Williams, the hoodlum. FAMILY

Back to the Wall ELLIS: IN FRENCH: TITLES IN ENGLISH

✓✓✓✓ We've come to expect that, if the movie's French and the chief characters are a husband, a wife and her lover, then it's a comedy. Well, there is a certain grim humor in the elaborate scheme that industrialist Gerard Oury cooks up to revenge himself on Jeanne Moreau and her charming no-goodnik friend, Phillippe Nicaud. But it's anything but funny to the three principals. As you feel the mood of the picture changing gradually, you know that something terrible is going to happen. (It does.) Edouard Molinaro—one of the young directors adding extra excitement to French movies these days—does a neat job: no fancy touches, just good, tight suspense, with a whopper of a climax. ADULT

(continued)

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Marilyn Foss

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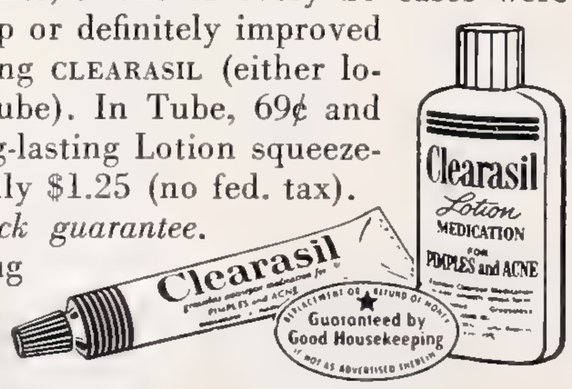
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LARGEST-SELLING PIMPLE MEDICATION
BECAUSE IT *REALLY* WORKS

MOVIES *continued*

Third Man on the Mountain

BUENA VISTA, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓✓ Next best thing to a trip to the Swiss Alps is to see a mountain-climbing yarn that's just like the air in that part of the world—clean, exhilarating and often full of chills. The shivery scenes are literally cliff-hangers, because young James MacArthur (Helen Hayes' son) and two old pros, Michael Rennie and Herbert Lom, are trying to get up a mountain that's never been climbed before. Plenty of men have been killed trying—including Jim's father. It's all supposed to take place about a century ago, when the Matterhorn was first conquered, so the Swiss scene's even quainter than it is today. A pretty part of it is Janet Munro (you met her as an Irish girl in "Darby O'Gill and the little People"). FAMILY

The Magician

JANUS; SWEDISH DIALOGUE, TITLES IN ENGLISH

✓✓✓✓ You might say that the title of this movie refers to the director. What Ingmar Bergman can do with a strip of film is very nearly magic, and it actually *is* poetry, with a strange and haunting atmosphere. The magician in the story, played by Max von Sydow, is advertised as both a showman and a health-giver, back in Sweden of the 1840's. Along with his hungry troupe, he comes into a small town, where most of the people decide he's a cheap fake. Apparently, they're right. And yet some very odd events take place, leaving you puzzled, but fascinated. Ingrid Thulin, who was the daughter-in-law in Bergman's "Wild Strawberries," is now the magician's wife, and Bibi Andersson, who was the lively hitchhiker, is a servant girl who's too much interested in human nature—especially male—to notice anything supernatural. ADULT

The Mouse That Roared

COLUMBIA EASTMAN COLOR

✓✓✓ It's hard to think of a subject more serious than international politics, but this British movie manages to get a surprising amount of fun out of it. Why would an absolutely microscopic European country (imaginary, of course) declare war on the United States of America? Well, they're broke, and they naturally expect to lose the war—and everybody knows the Americans take wonderful care of countries they've defeated. Peter Sellers gets more than his share of laughs—after all, he plays three different roles. One of him falls in love with an American girl, Jean Seberg. Jean's pretty enough, but can she act? FAMILY

A Summer Place

WARNERS, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ As young lovers, Sandra Dee and Troy Donahue (below, left) have a tough time unscrambling all the problems their parents have gotten into. Sandra's father (Richard Egan) loves Troy's mother (Dorothy McGuire). Sandra's mother (Constance Ford) is a neurotic. Troy's father (Arthur Kennedy) is an alcoholic. Otherwise, everything's fine. More than ever, Sandra's our idea of what a teenager should look



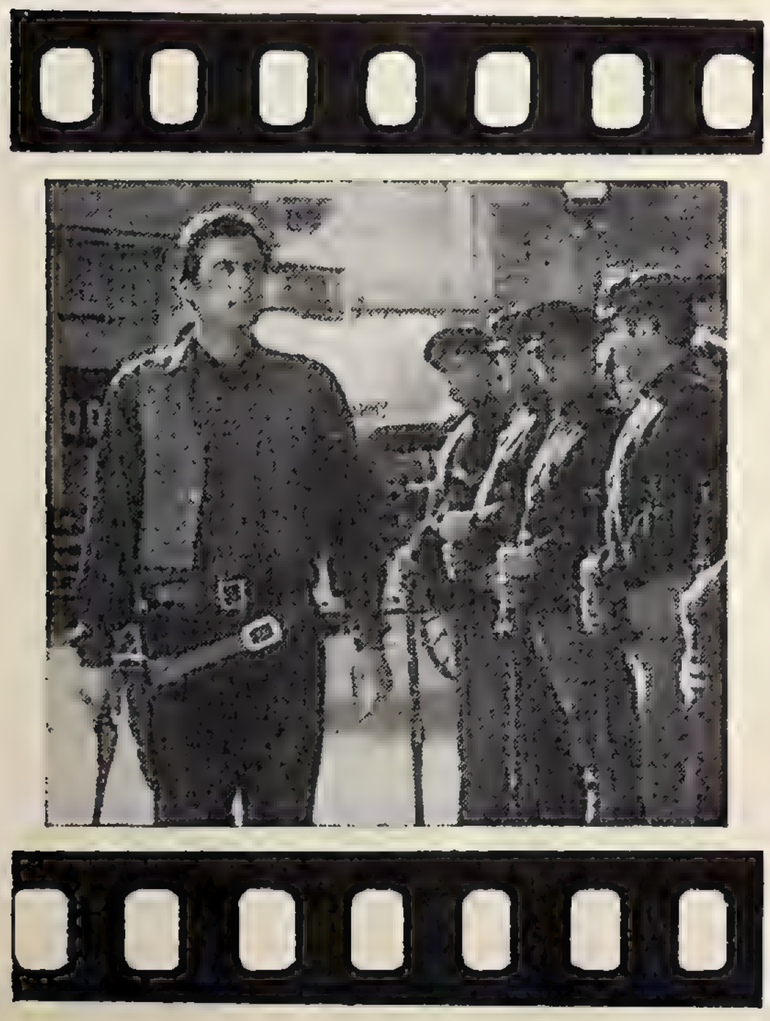
like. And when you get a good gander at Troy—tall and blond, with a nice, earnest manner—you'll probably wonder (we did) why he's been kept in small parts up to now. The sets are easy to look at, too: a summer hotel and a smart modern house, both on the New England coast. There's plenty going on in front of them: big emotional scenes and solemn discussions of sex (which sound as if the writers just discovered it yesterday). ADULT

Odds Against Tomorrow U.A.

✓✓ Can't help expecting something special from a picture that has three leads like Harry Belafonte, Robert Ryan and Ed Begley (opposite, right)—plus a director like Robert Wise, who made "I Want to Live!" Unfortunately, it doesn't work out that way. All you get is an everyday thriller about a carefully planned bank robbery, in upstate New York. The plot has some pretentious trimmings, but it's hard to figure out what they prove—unless maybe it's that race prejudice should be avoided of you want to carry out a successful crime. Well, maybe that's something. At least, the picture is acted, photographed and edited as if it really meant something, and these technical skills make it worth a look. ADULT

Robert Wise: The good editing in "Odds Against Tomorrow" is no accident, because Robert Wise's professional hand was undoubtedly behind it.

continued



BREATHTAKING

A NEW HIGH IN THRILLING ACTION, SUSPENSE and EXCITEMENT!

WALT DISNEY'S

THIRD MAN ON THE MOUNTAIN

Based on the Book BANNER in the SKY by James Ramsey Ullman

Their strong young love gave him the courage to defy tradition and challenge the 'KILLER' mountain.

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Actually filmed where it happened in the awe-inspiring Swiss Alps. In color by TECHNICOLOR®

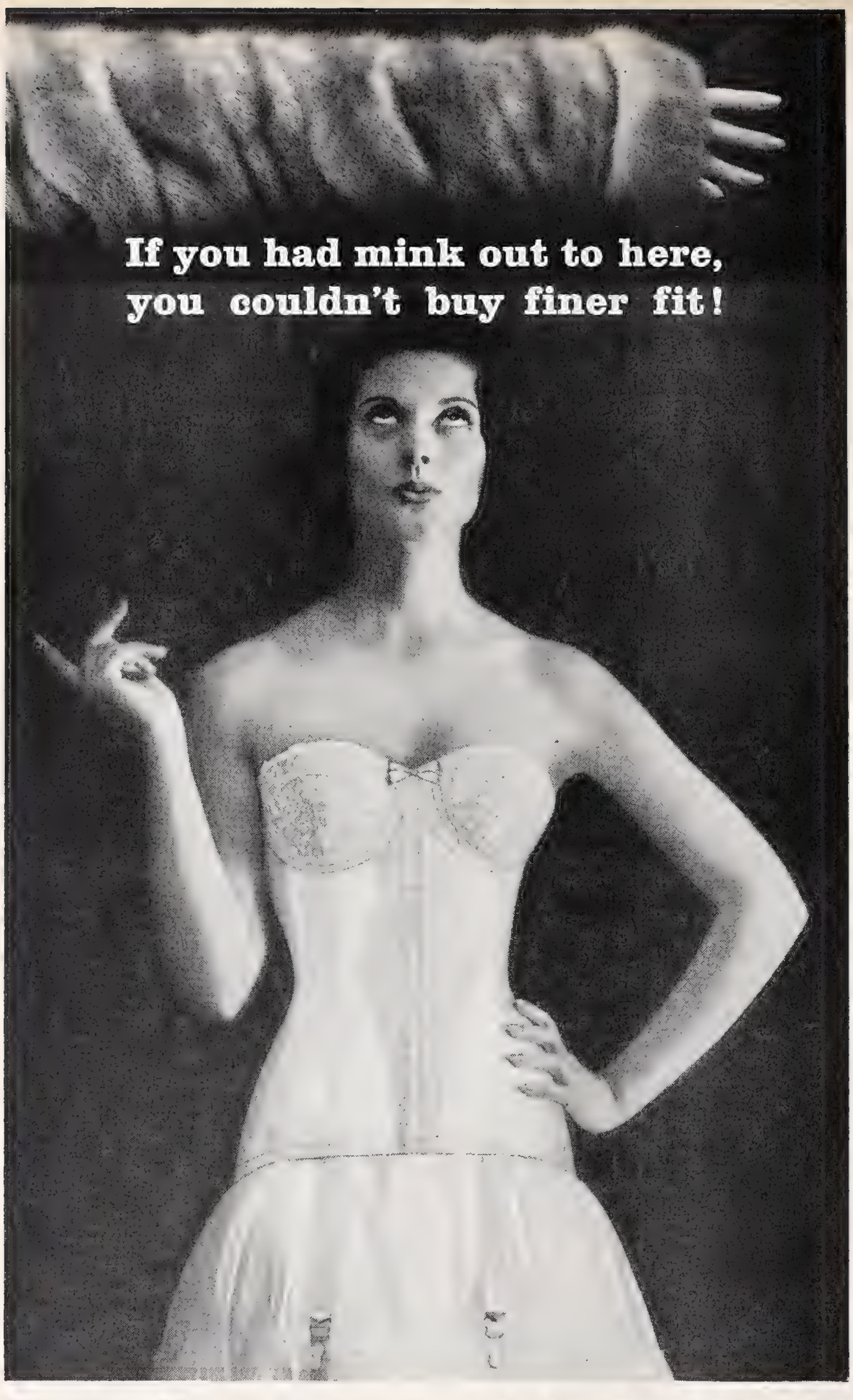
STARRING

Michael RENNIE · James MacARTHUR · Janet MUNRO

James DONALD with Herbert LOM · Laurence NAISMITH

Produced by WILLIAM H. ANDERSON · Directed by KEN ANNAKIN · Screenplay by ELEANORE GRIFFIN

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MOVIES *continued*

Director Wise first learned about movie-making in the cutting room, which is where all the individual shots are put together into a finished picture. He'd just come from Indiana, and was in his early twenties when, as a messenger boy at RKO, he saw how much cutting and editing have to do with a movie's pace and meaning. Eventually, the producers let him try directing.

Could a boy—or a girl—who wanted to be a director, break in the same way today? When we put this question to Robert Wise—who's now a graying, handsome man in his mid-forties, with a lot of directing hits to his credit, like "I Want to Live," "Executive Suite"—he said: "There just isn't any opportunity! Not even enough work to keep the old-time directors employed. TV film shows? The veterans do those, too.

"There's a young man in my office who is a graduate of UCLA's Cinema School. I believe he has talent—but he's working for me as a secretary. And," Wise goes on, "a school friend of his is working as a messenger at Warners, just to get inside a studio."

Discouraging? Remember—it's an ex-messenger boy who's talking.

The Jayhawkers

PARAMOUNT: VISTAVISION, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓ Fess Parker (page 25) is a pretty good double for Gregory Peck, except he doesn't get cast in as good pictures. This one, which should have been a lusty pre-Civil War potboiler gets bogged down by too much talk. Seems Jeff Chandler's about to set himself up as king of Kansas when Fess barges in. They join up, but more for conversation than action. Nicole Maurey gets in on the general gabfest, too. FAMILY

The 400 Blows

ZENITH INTERNATIONAL; FRENCH DIALOGUE, TITLES IN ENGLISH

✓✓✓✓ The trouble with most movies about children is that they're made by adults who can't remember what it was like! However, Director Francois Truffaut does remember and shows us a world—the way one twelve-year-old boy actually sees it—as a harsh and unfriendly place. The blows in the title aren't physical ones, but they turn Jean-Pierre Leaud, a perfectly normal city kid, into a bewildered runaway. There's some humor, but the picture as a whole is a heartbreaker. Bring a hanky. ADULT

The Man Who Understood Women

20TH; CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR

✓✓ Natch, there's no such man as the one in the title. Henry Fonda, as a tem-

peramental movie director, certainly doesn't understand women—especially not Leslie Caron, even after he's made her a star and married her. It's generally confusing; even after it's all over, we don't understand Fonda, either. Trouble is, the picture shifts gears too often, between comedy and drama and romance. ADULT

The Lovers

ELLIS: FRENCH DIALOGUE, TITLES IN ENGLISH

✓✓✓ The French are supposed to be a practical people—everybody says so, including the French. That proposition, though, gets the brush-off in this picture, which insists that love is the only thing that really matters. As the shallow wife of a provincial newspaper publisher, Jeanne Moreau throws respectability and security away when she meets an awkward, blunt-spoken young archaeologist. The story and its people are handled knowingly, and the love scenes are quite beautiful. But they'll have you on the edge of your seat as you start wondering nervously how far the actors plan to go. ADULT

Goliath and the Barbarians

AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL

✓✓ *Hercules* is back! In spite of the title, Steve Reeves isn't playing the giant from the Bible. Steve is a Roman of 470 A.D. or thereabouts, who's mighty busy fighting barbarians—that is, when he isn't off with their princess. The battles are loud and colorful and good enough fun—even if they don't make much sense. There are even a couple of barbarian orgies, with everybody laughing and eating grapes like mad, but they're pretty tame. FAMILY

Girls Town

M-G-M

✓ This what-is-it has apparently been tailored to please somebody's idea of the typical teenager. Don't know where they got the idea. Anyway, Paul Anka fans will want to hear his songs and see him in his acting debut. He's pleasantly modest and sincere about it, but a little more humor would have helped. FAMILY

Libel

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

✓✓ You might call this British mystery a pretty fancy plate of hash, with Olivia de Havilland and Dirk Bogarde doing the serving. But it's still a bit of hash, put together from a lot of old leftovers: A case of amnesia, two men who are exact doubles (of course, one of them is rich) and a whole series of showdowns in one of those elegant English courtrooms. It will do if you're an all-out whodunit fan. FAMILY

beautiful discovery!



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new kind of greaseless foundation cream!
brings you "night cream" moisturizing under your make-up all day!

Creates an all-day "moisture reserve." At last a cream that goes beyond superficial smoothing . . . that actually controls the moisture level of your skin *under* your make-up. At the same time, it normalizes your skin's protective chemistry all day long.

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Pond's Moisture Base
NEW GREASELESS UNDER-MAKE-UP MOISTURIZER

P

CASTS
OF CURRENT PICTURES

CAREER—Paramount. Directed by Joseph Anthony: *Maury Novak,* Dean Martin; *Sam Lawson,* Anthony Franciosa; *Sharon Kensington,* Shirley MacLaine; *Shirley Drake,* Carolyn Jones; *Barbara,* Joan Blackman.
GIRL'S TOWN—M-G-M. Directed by Charles Haas: *Silver,* Mamie Van Doren; *Fred,* Mel Torme; *Dick,* Ray Anthony; *Mother Veronica,* Maggie Hayes; *Jimmy,* Paul Anka; *A Singer,* Cathy Crosby; *Serafina,* Gigi Perreau; *Mary Lee,* Elinor Donahue; *Vida,* Gloria Talbott.
JAYHAWKERS, THE—Paramount. Directed by Melvin Frank: *Luke Darcy,* Jeff Chandler; *Cam Bleeker,* Fess Parker; *Jeanne Dubois,* Nicole Maurey; *Lordan,* Henry Silva.
LAST ANGRY MAN, THE—Columbia. Directed by Daniel Mann: *Dr. Sam Abelman,* Paul Muni; *Woodrow Thrasher,* David Wayne; *Anne Thrasher,* Betsy Palmer; *Dr. Max Vogel,* Luther Adler; *Myron Malkin,* Joby Baker; *Alice Taggart,* Joanna Moore; *Sarah Abelman,* Nancy R. Pollock; *Josh,* Billy Dee Williams.
LIBEL—M-G-M. Directed by Anthony Asquith: *Sir Mark Loddon, Frank Welney,* Dirk Bogarde; *Maggie Loddon,* Olivia de Havilland; *Sir Wilfred,* Robert Morley; *Jeffrey,* Paul Massie.
THE MAN WHO UNDERSTOOD WOMEN—20th. Directed by Nunnally Johnson: *Ann,* Leslie Caron; *Willy,* Henry Fonda; *Marco Ranieri,* Cesare Danova; *Preacher,* Myron McCormick; *G.K.,* Conrad Nagel.
MOUSE THAT ROARED, THE—Columbia. Directed by Jack Arnold: *Grand Duchess Gloriana, Prime Minister Count Mountjoy, Tully Bascombe,* Peter Sellers; *Helen,* Jean Seberg.
ODDS AGAINST TOMORROW—U.A. Directed by Robert Wise: *Ingram,* Harry Belafonte; *Slater,* Robert Ryan; *Lorry,* Shelley Winters; *Burke,* Ed Begley; *Helen,* Gloria Grahame.
SUMMER PLACE, A—Warners. Directed by Delmer Daves: *Ken Jorgenson,* Richard Egan; *Sylvia Hunter,* Dorothy McGuire; *Molly Jorgenson,* Sandra Dee; *Bart Hunter,* Arthur Kennedy; *Johnny Hunter,* Troy Donahue.
THIRD MAN ON THE MOUNTAIN—Buena Vista. Directed by Ken Annakin: *Captain Winter,* Michael Rennie; *Rudi,* James MacArthur; *Lizbeth,* Janet Munro; *Franz Lerner,* James Donald; *Saxo,* Herbert Lom.

✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT ✓✓✓ VERY GOOD
✓✓ GOOD ✓ FAIR A—ADULTS F—FAMILY

NOW PLAYING

For fuller reviews, see Photoplay for the months indicated. For full reviews this month, see contents page.

✓✓✓✓ BIG FISHERMAN, THE—Buena Vista; Panavision, Technicolor: A dazzling spectacle illuminates the beginnings of Christianity, with Howard Keel as St. Peter, John Saxon and Susan Kohner provide the romance. (F) September

✓✓ BLUE ANGEL, THE—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: A tang of strangeness in German backgrounds livens the story of a night-club singer (May Britt) who lures a schoolteacher (Curt Jurgens) from respectability. May's the very picture of a femme fatale. (A) November

✓✓ BUT NOT FOR ME—Paramount, VistaVision: One joke—stage-producer Clark Gable's reluctance to admit his age—sparks a mild romantic comedy. While Carroll Baker isn't too well-cast as his eager, youthful new love, Lilli Palmer has the light charm the film needs. (F) November

✓✓ FBI STORY, THE—Warners, Technicolor: Saga of the federal agency provides gunfights and explosions aplenty as agent James Stewart faces national enemies in four decades. In between come tender sentiment and family love, with Vera Miles as Jimmy's wife. (F) November

✓✓✓✓ *IT STARTED WITH A KISS*—M-G-M: CinemaScope, Metrocolor: Debbie Reynolds is turned loose as a mature comedienne in a funny movie without a thought in its head. Air Force sergeant Glenn Ford has two problems: a giddy wife and a gaudy car. (A) November

✓✓✓ LOOK BACK IN ANGER—Warners: Talky and irritating but beautifully acted and photographed, this British drama focuses on a sorry marriage. Richard Burton's the angry man jealous of wife Mary Ure's upper-crust upbringing; Claire Bloom's the mistress. (A) November

✓✓✓✓ PILLOW TALK—U-I; CinemaScope, Eastman Color: In a slick, bright, thoroughly winning comedy, the New York phone company gets two subscribers (Doris Day, Rock Hudson) together by putting them on a party line. With songs, Tony Randall, Thelma Ritter. (A) November

✓✓✓ THAT KIND OF WOMAN—Paramount; VistaVision: Under the fashionable frankness of this World War II drama beats a soft and sentimental heart. Tab Hunter's a naive paratrooper who falls in love with Sophia Loren—then learns about George Sanders. (A) October

✓✓✓✓ THEY CAME TO CORDURA—Columbia; CinemaScope, Eastman Color: Different sort of film that happens to have a western setting, on the Mexican-American border in 1916. When the story's tensions separate the men from the boys, Gary Cooper sees Van Heflin as a brute, Tab Hunter a careerist. Ignoring glamour, Rita Hayworth's great. (F) October

✓✓ YELLOWSTONE KELLY—Warners, Technicolor: Three top TV stars are crammed into a good, sturdy Indian-fighting yarn. They are Clint "Cheyenne" Walker, Edward "Kookie" Byrnes, John "Lawman" Russell. (F) November





Christmas Contest

Just fill in last line. Send in as many coupons as you like.

Paste on a postcard and mail to:
Win A Five-Minute Phone Call
P.O. Box 1872, Grand Central Station
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It's like a dream, too good to be,
To think would ever call me.
But if it should happen, through Photoplay,
I can tell you now just what I'd say:

I am: _____ (age)

My name is: _____ My phone number: _____

I live at: _____

SEE YOUR 4 FAVORITE PINUPS ▶

FABIAN: "I'll call-
will you be there?"



ELVIS: "Let me say
Merry Christmas- personally."





EDD: "I'll be waiting to ring you up."

ROCK: "I'd stop everything to call you."

by GEORGE CHRISTY

JAMES DARREN:

can you outgrow someone you've loved?



Jim Darren was on the brink of a second marriage. He looked happy in love, but reserved.

He was dressed in a dark green wool jacket, pink shirt and hound's-tooth check trousers and he was talking on the telephone in his spacious suite at the Savoy-Hilton with his fiancee Evy Norlund. Evy had just arrived in New York that afternoon.

A wonderful soft glow radiated from his face as he replaced the receiver into its cradle. They say all women become beautiful when they are loved. The same must be true of men, for although Jim is a handsome



enough guy, with his dark good looks, he looked even handsomer—if such a thing is possible—after he talked to Evy.

"We're both crazy about New York," he admitted. "We can't make up our minds where to eat—there are so many restaurants to choose from. You know, we love New York so much we want to get married here this winter. We'd like to spend the first few days of our honeymoon exploring this big city, then fly to Europe to meet Evy's mom and dad in Denmark, and, if we have time, we'll go to Italy to look up some of my relatives.

"Marriage," he (*Continued on page* 83)

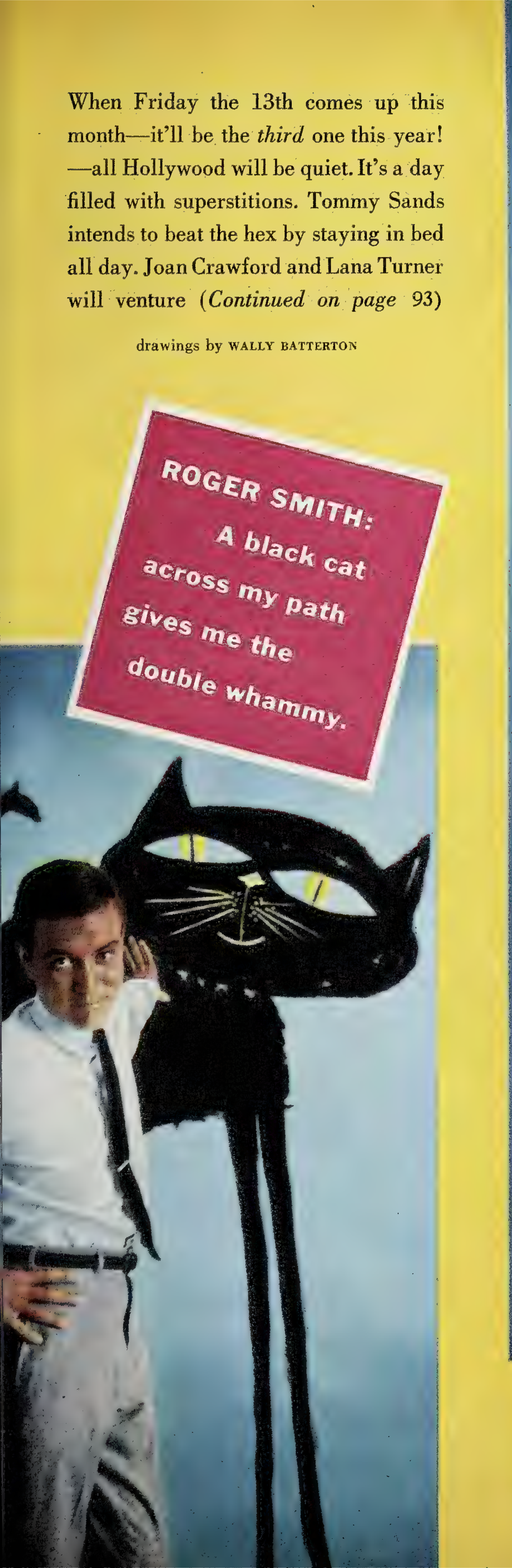
Friday the 13th pinups



SANDRA DEE:
I get wobbly
over umbrellas
opened
in the house.

When Friday the 13th comes up this month—it'll be the *third* one this year! —all Hollywood will be quiet. It's a day filled with superstitions. Tommy Sands intends to beat the hex by staying in bed all day. Joan Crawford and Lana Turner will venture (*Continued on page* 93)

drawings by WALLY BATTERTON





THE LETTER READ:

Sandra—

why don't you tell the truth about your father!

You pick up a magazine and see your face smiling up at you, and you can't help smiling back—until you see the words alongside the picture. Ugly words. Words that accuse and blame and hurt. And all you can do is ask yourself and your mother, "Why? Why are they saying these things? Why don't they stop?"

Why? I'm going to tell you why, Sandra, they're saying these things. I wanted to call you and tell you how I felt about all of this, but I decided to write instead. You ought to tell them, someone ought to tell (*Continued on page* 90)





FIRST EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW



EDDIE:

"I think I'm nice,

I think Elizabeth is nice,

and I think people who make mistakes can still be nice."

LIZ:

"...they said

I had a child secretly...

they said our marriage wouldn't last!"





Sometimes, the stares that met Eddie, Liz and her children in Europe were curious. Other times, they were accusing.

by ART BUCHWALD

While a great deal has been written about the Fishers, very little of what has been printed has come from them and we were happy to sit down and talk to them about what has become the most discussed marriage since the Duke of Windsor married Mrs. Wallis Simpson.

The Fishers, although married several months, were still honeymooning when we had lunch with them.

Miss Taylor said, "They said it wouldn't last."

Mr. Fisher said, "Of course it hasn't been all smooth sailing. We had the typical problems of any young newlyweds, like getting 7,000 letters a week threatening us, like receiving voodoo dolls and communications from different chapters of the Ku Klux Klan. Worse than that, Hedda Hopper said she wasn't going to write about us any more."

Miss Taylor added, "I wonder why sane people don't write letters any more? We've heard from everybody but Governor Long."

"How do you explain all the (*Continued on page* 93)



LIZ and EDDIE:

"It hasn't been all smooth sailing... but if we had to do it again..."





CAROL LYNLEY

and

BRANDON DE WILDE



PETTING

GETTING MARRIED

kissing

going steady

dating

necking

what girls can't understand about boys, and vice versa

Carol Lynley: "My first date was a junior high prom. I was fourteen and I didn't want to go, even though I had a nice (*Continued on page 77*)

Brandon De Wilde: "I'm not exactly a man about town, but my one beef with 'Blue Denim' is that these kids are a lot (*Continued on page 76*)



As Rex Harrison and Kay Kendall spoke their marriage vows, only he realized the special, terrible meaning behind the words—

till death do us part



The last words she spoke were: "Darling, I love you very much." She said them so softly that her husband, standing beside the bed, had to bend down to hear. He stayed that way for a minute. "Kay," he said, "Kay—" Then he straightened up. His face was gray. "My God, get the doctor," he said frantically. The nurse hurried out of the room. A second later, a white-coated man pushed open the door, strode

(Continued on page 78)

by Charlotte Dinter

Gale Storm's three-year-old Susanna asks:

"can I grow up to be a mommy, too?"



by GALE STORM

That's right, Peter, you heard what I said. You can't jump off the top of the roof on your skis. No, not even if there was snow." . . . I was reading a magazine article—or rather trying to read one—while resting in our backyard hammock. I thought this would be the quietest place in the house. It wasn't. When you're a mother, there is no such place. The article was about the perfect mother. There was even a picture of her. This particular woman had six children in six years. (*Continued on page 85*)



I always let Lee have a say.



Just what is a mother? To a 16-year-old, she may be "immature."

let's all go over to

Connie Francis'
PAJAMA PARTY

A famous quartet (that's the leader) crashed in, shouting, "But we brought our pajamas!" Guess what happened.



The minute I picked up the small yellow envelope with the bright orange writing, I knew something was funny. Because it was only October, and every letter I'd ever gotten from Concetta Franconera—since she moved out of the house around the corner on Brookdale Avenue in Newark, and became Connie Francis—had been a Christmas card. Connie never writes—she uses the phone. So you can imagine the double take I did when I got this fancy invitation to stay overnight at her new house in Bloomfield. Bring lots of records, it said, a favorite ghost (*Continued*)



For bed! They were pretty enough to wear to a party. So we did.





(Above) Connie gave us the lowdown on European boys. She says they really do kiss your hand, and all that. (Top right) When it comes to mambo stamina, no one beats Pat and Connie.





(Above) Make-'em-yourself nightcaps (see page 8) are just peachy for hiding curlers—or faces! (Left) The mambos made us so hungry, there wasn't a scrap left—even if we'd let Dion in!



We had free beauty treatments from our prima donna. While Pidge got feathery brows and Jo Ann a new hairstyle, the rest of us waited our turn making mystery calls to old boyfriends.



story, enough eye make-up for seven girls to experiment with—and forget about pajamas.

I was early. My first surprise came when Connie opened the door herself (no butler!) in plain old slacks and a shirt. Right away she introduced her best friend and secretary, Joyce Becker (everybody calls her Pidgeon) and, boy, is she pretty.

Then the whole family made a big fuss over me. Mr. Franconera brought out a neat flashbulb camera and announced he was going to play photographer, so we'd all have some candids for our scrapbooks. But Connie told him he could only hang around if he wanted to wear p-j's, too, so he gave her a big wink and quickly invited Mrs. F. to the movies. I'm pretty

Inner Sanctum Hour (l. to r.): Esther Salzberg, Pidgeon, Connie, Pat Karafky, Jo Ann Monica, Marlene Cicone.



good with cameras, so I took over (what do you think of the results?).

When everyone had checked in (I didn't know a soul), Connie led us into the living room and produced seven big satiny boxes, filled with the cutest pajamas I ever saw. We couldn't wait to get into them, but it's funny how girls feel shy about undressing. So we all sneaked off to change in separate rooms.

By the time I came out, Perez Prado was blaring down in the den, and three mad couples were in the midst of a mambo marathon, all dolled up in the nuttiest night-caps this side of a fruitcake.

"Torero, torero, olé!" Connie sang out, with a stomp and a flutter of her matador (*Continued on page* 87)



CONNIE'S PAJAMA PARTY GIFTS



SAFARI SET, $11.00

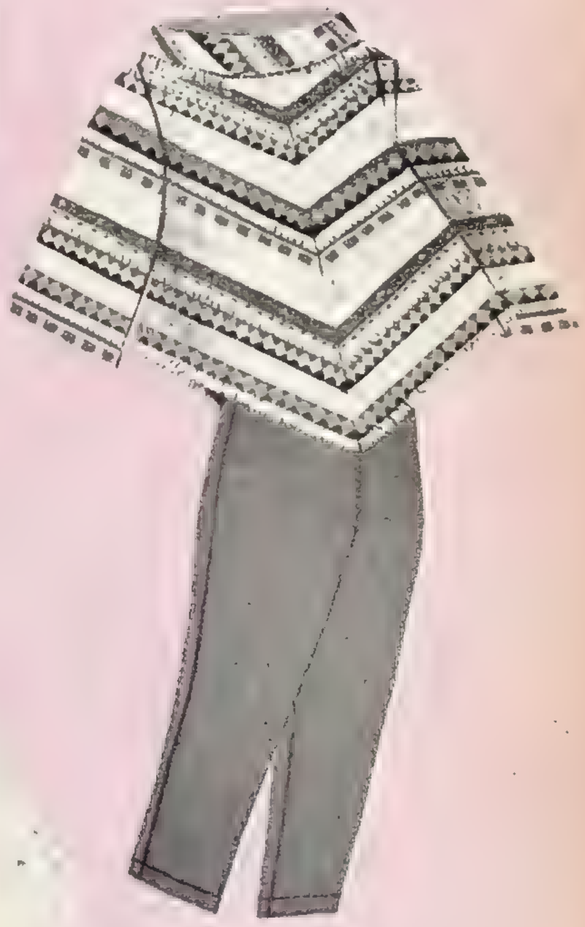


SIESTA PAJAMA, $6.00





PONCHO PAJAMA, $6.00





LA VIE EN ROSE, $6.00

EARLY AMERICANA SLEEPCOAT, $6.00

For Where To Buy These Schrank Pajamas, See Page 76





the things I really wanted to tell my son ...

You've been married thirty-five minutes now, Son, and your bride is beautiful. As I shake your hand, I think, Try to keep her looking—and feeling—that way. That's one of the most important jobs a husband has. But I can't say it. I can't say any of the things I wanted to tell you less than an hour ago, when the clock read 2:30. At that moment, you were standing at the altar, waiting for Patty Beasley to come down the aisle. And I, feeling like a fool, was home in bed with a virus bug— (*Continued on page* 74)

by ALAN LADD

as told to SARA HAMILTON

WHY I'M SURE THERE IS A GOD . . .

by SAL MINEO

as told to ETHEL BARRON

Except for a light drizzle, it looked as if the flight would be a routine one. I sat back against the seat in the limousine, listening to the other passengers talk about where they were going and what they'd done in Pittsburgh. I had flown down there to promote some of my records, but now I was anxious to get back to New York and my family. And I was anxious for another reason, too—I don't really like getting my feet very far off the ground.

It's the *air* age, I kept telling myself, but my stomach didn't know it; all it knew was it was full of butterflies again. Yesterday I'd picked up the papers and read, "TWENTY PEOPLE KILLED IN AIR CRASH." You can't help thinking—when you're taking a trip—What if I'd been on that plane? I could have wound up my business a little earlier and then been on that fatal plane . . . The limousine turned into the airport, breaking into my thoughts, and I (*Continued on page* 69)



7 HOLLYWOOD PRODUCERS AND DIRECTORS CHOOSE THE: *all-time*

Marlene Dietrich



Ingrid Bergman



Dolores Del Rio



Carole Lombard

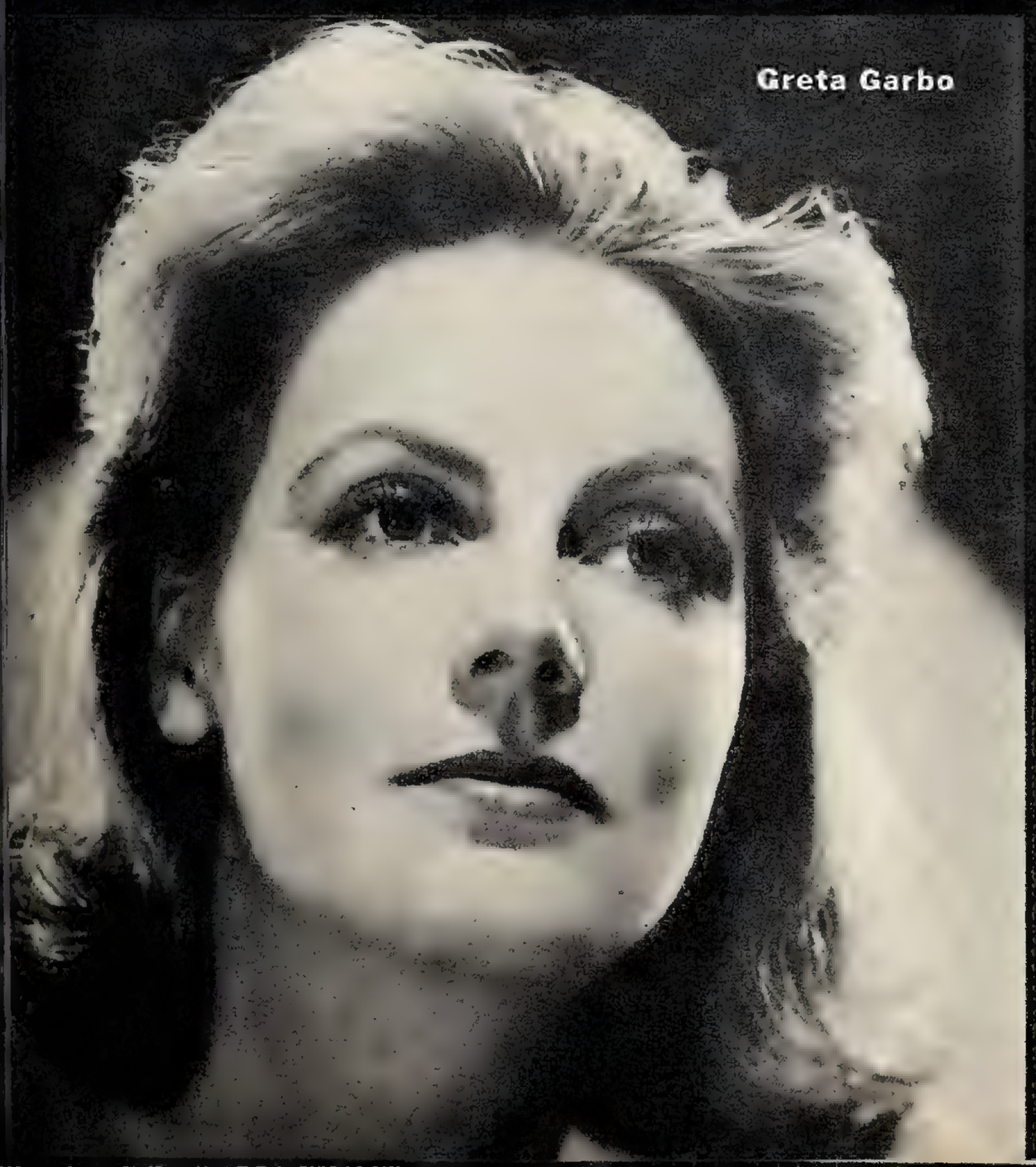


great beauties and why —

turn the page









all-time great beauties and why — Continued

"Who are the all-time great Hollywood beauties?" One afternoon recently, in Hollywood, seven famous directors and producers sat down in seven different places and tried to answer this question and another that you have asked Photoplay so often: "What makes a beauty?"

The men had one important thing in common. All of them, through the years, have worked with and known and helped build into stardom some of the most beautiful women in the world.

After they finished, we tallied up their score. Many stars appeared—stars like Irene Dunne, Gloria Swanson, Rita Hayworth, Lana Turner—but the eight most popular are the stars that appear on the preceding pages. All were considered a beauty by the men who voted for them (see list at right). And in the words of these judges, here are the qualities that set them apart.

GRETA GARBO: Garbo received more votes than any other star, yet her admirers were also most critical, perhaps proving in a way that beauty, in its complexity, need not be perfect. What makes Garbo the all-time great beauty?

". . . her unforgettable voice; her lingering mystery; a face that overrode all criticisms of large feet or awkwardness. . . her erectness, her boyish figure, her awkward gait so fascinating to watch . . . her mouth too wide, but which added to the whole; her forehead too big; one eyebrow higher than the other, the nose not straight, but yet when she came into a room, all other women looked alike. . ."

MARLENE DIETRICH: ". . . the indestructible beauty that comes of care and thought and a desire to remain beautiful . . . the beauty that improves with proper make-up; the drawn brows, the naked underlids that set off the carefully made-up upper lids, the figure, clothes, the aura of glamour . . . the refinement, even elegance, about her sensuality with none of the over-bosomed, deliberate appeal...her patience in every small detail concerning her appearance."

Those Who Chose

ARTHUR FREED, *producer:*
"American in Paris," "Gigi," "Bells Are Ringing"

ROSS HUNTER, *director:*
"Imitation of Life," "Pillow Talk," "Portrait in Black"

WALTER LANG, *director:*
"The King and I," "But Not For Me," "Can Can"

VINCENTE MINNELLI, *director:*
"Lust for Life," "Some Came Running," "Gigi"

JEAN NEGULESCO, *director:*
"Johnny Belinda," "Three Coins in a Fountain," "The Best of Everything"

JOE PASTERNAK, *producer:*
"The Great Caruso," "Meet Me in Las Vegas," "Ask Any Girl"

JERRY WALD, *producer:*
"From Here to Eternity," "Peyton Place," "The Best of Everything"

DOLORES DEL RIO: ". . . the sound of her voice, the color of her clothes . . . a quality of race and racial beauty . . . a true Latin beauty, melting dark eyes, mobile features, yet with a languid, cool, calm un-Latin serenity . . . one of the world's most perfect faces."

CAROLE LOMBARD: ". . . the perfect paradox, the angel who talked like a mortal . . . her direct gaze and utter simplicity . . . her unadorned, un-made-up square face—too wide for perfect balance—yet expressing an inner beauty and simplicity . . . her sense of chic, her humor so rare in one so beautiful . . . her speech, the way she almost lisped . . . and even the small scar on her cheek only enhanced a face of soft loveliness."

HEDY LAMARR: ". . . the exotic type of brunette beauty; eyes that reveal a questioning spirit; dark hair like 'dark clouds' around her face, an aloofness that makes one want to know more of her . . . her impertinent nose, rather (*Continued on page* 84)

ONE OF THE MOST EXCITING WOMEN IN THE WORLD: LONDON



ENID BOULTING, glamorous, chic—and on-the-go every minute. The mother of 3 lively boys, she is also a talented dress designer, a serious painter and a noted hostess for her famous film-producer husband. . . . "I often have frantic days but my face never shows it." She uses Pond's Cold Cream to deep-cleanse—to moisturize and ease awa, tension lines . . . "My skin stays beautifully soft and smooth all day long."

She's busy... yet she's beautiful she uses Pond's



ENID BOULTING says: "Pond's beautifies as it cleanses!" Yes, this fabulous cream deep-moisturizes as it cleanses and freshens every tiny pore. And this richer cream goes on moisturizing long after you tissue it off. "Plumps up" the skin cells so tired lines can smooth out. Your skin will stay soft and smooth. See it come alive and glow with an exciting new beauty—like Enid Boulting's. Use Pond's Cold Cream to beauty-cleanse at night, to moisturize under make-up all day.

NOW! POND'S COLD CREAM IN STUNNING NEW DESIGNER JAR!

I'll never forget that day when I heard

them whispering during assembly...

"BOY, IS SHE FAST!"

One day after school, I was walking over to one of my girlfriend's. As I passed a couple of boys from class, I noticed they were pointing their fingers at me and seemed to be whispering. I had a scary feeling—like I had in assembly. Usually, if the boys whispered, it was only for a second. Then they'd holler out, "Hi, where've you been keeping yourself?" or "Hey, how're things?" But on this day, none of the fellows (*Continued on page 72*)

by KEELY SMITH

MILLIE PERKINS engaged to DEAN STOCKWELL:

SHE NO LONGER HAS TO PRETEND...



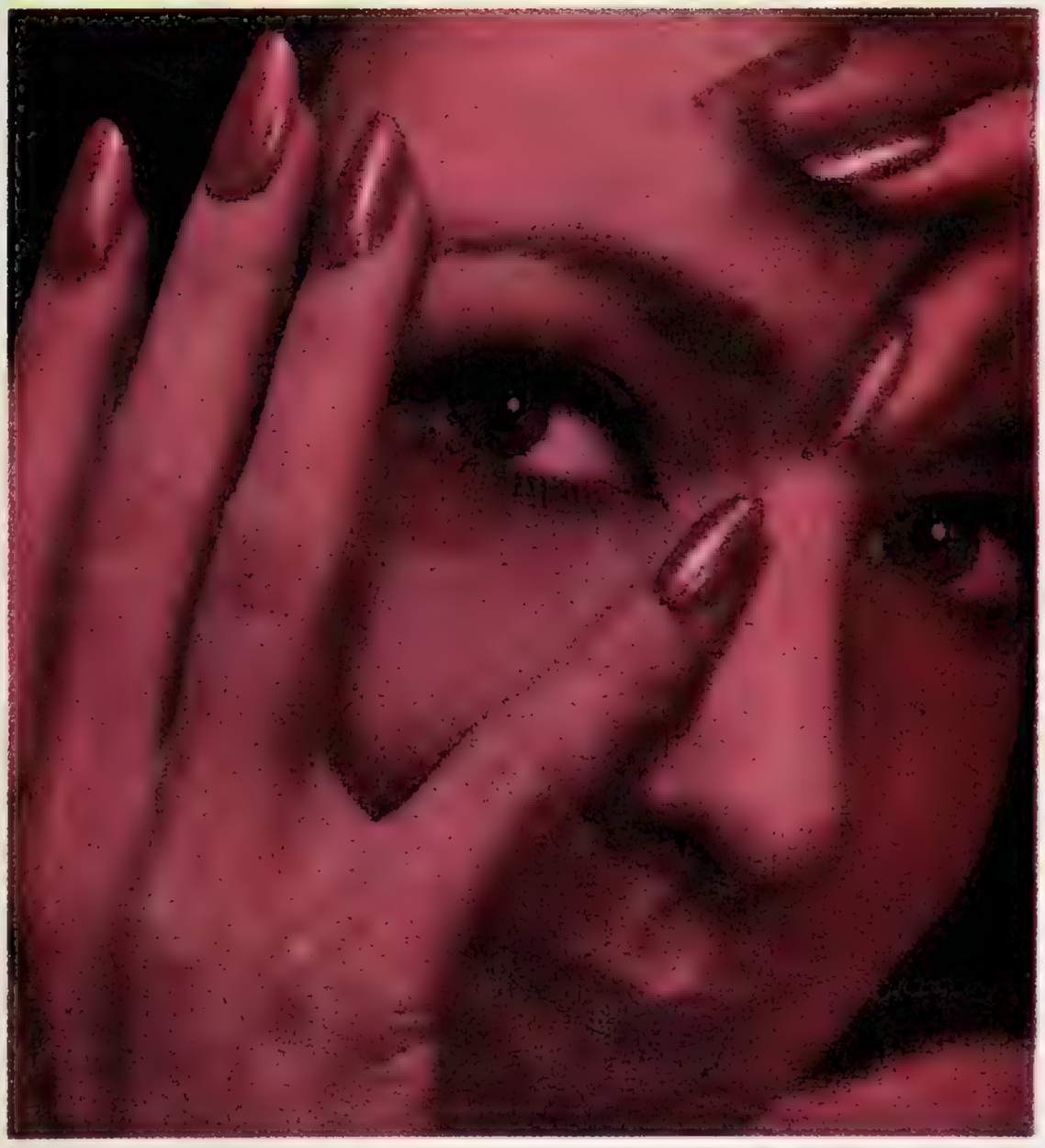
Millie Perkins is an ordinary enough name. Millie Perkins was an ordinary enough girl until January of 1958, when—against odds of 10,233 to 1—she won the role of Anne Frank. She'd only tried for the part when 20th Century-Fox insisted she at least *try*. She hadn't wanted to be an actress, and she didn't care if she won or not. But she had won, and in February she'd gone to Hollywood.

With only one suitcase, she'd stepped off the train. A thin girl, in a rumpled blouse and skirt, with dark knee-socks, she'd peered nervously and near-sightedly around her. There were so many people hurrying around the station; so many strangers—and they all seemed to know exactly where they were going. She wondered if she'd ever know just where she was going. What am I doing here? she asked herself. She didn't know what it all meant—what it would mean. And, of course, she had no idea that here was where she would find herself as a person. that here (*Continued on page* 80)

by JANE ARDMORE









Four to glow with by CUTEX®

Match your mood with your polish! When tonight's *the* night and the world is a glittering promise, light up your nails with Gold Sequins—shown top left over Slightly Scarlet. The gold sparkles are equally spectacular on their own. Or be vibrantly feminine with Tahiti Orchid, top right. Flaunt the new Flaming Pearl, lower left, and light up the night with molten excitement. Or smooth on mysterious Capri Blue Pearl, lower right, and wear an air of cool sophistication. Try a different Cutex Pearl Polish every night... and thrill to a new look every time!



Cutex Pearl Polishes come in 16 luminous shades, including dramatic new Charcoal Pearl to wear with the fashionable new gray tones.

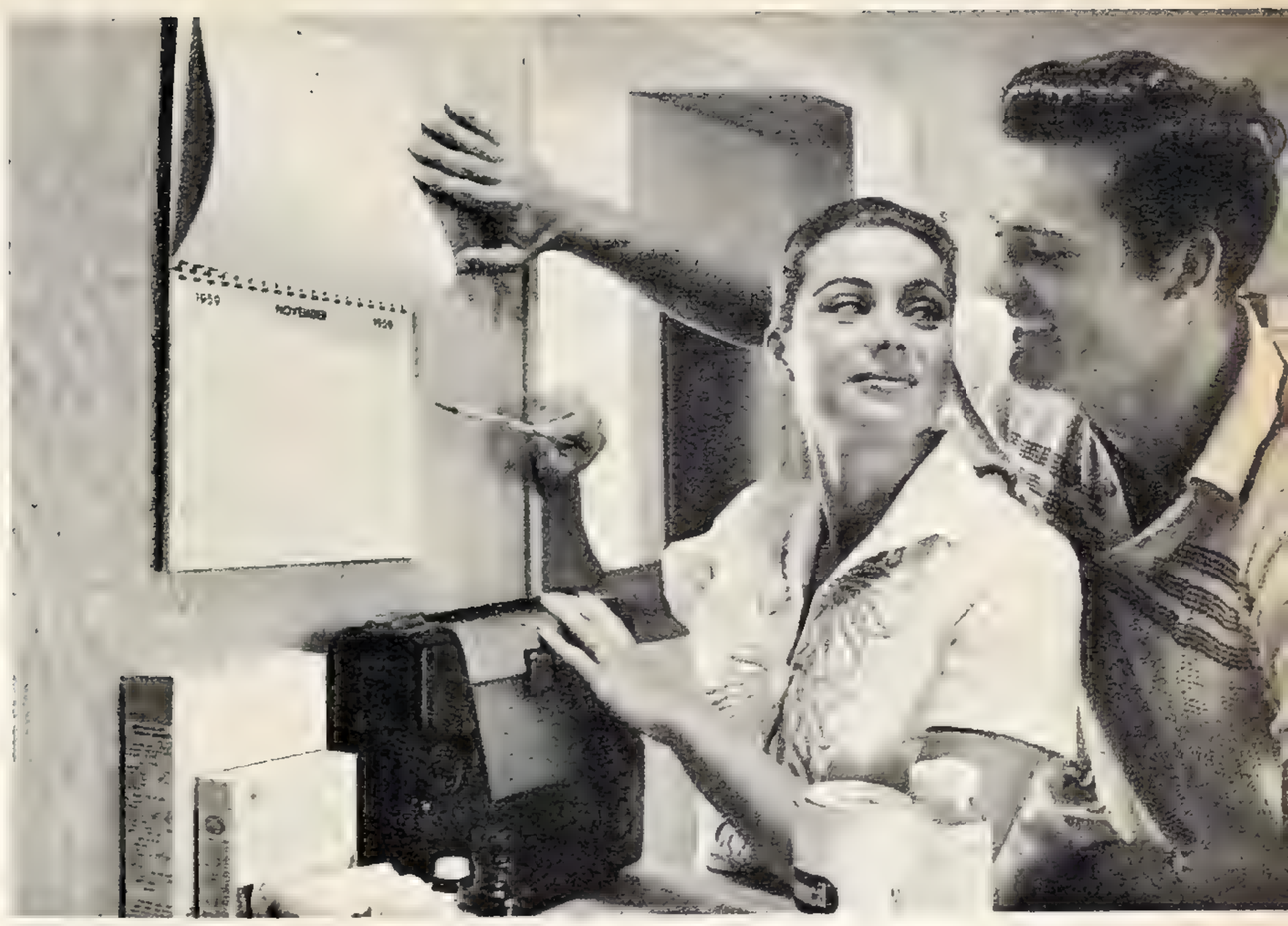
TY HARDIN to ANDRA MARTIN:

"Darling, I think I'm going to be a father"





maybe Thanksgiving?



It was a gray morning last March; the California skies threatened rain and the clouds hung low, the kind of day both he and Andra liked. Ty Hardin kissed his lovely wife, Andra Martin, before leaving for the Warners Studio for the day's shooting. "Know something?" she asked. "I'll miss you."

Looking down into her great gray eyes, he smiled and said, "Me too." He started for the door, then turned. "But you know something else?"

"What darling?" she asked, following him to the door to get the paper.

"I have some news for you," he told her. "I'm going to be a father."

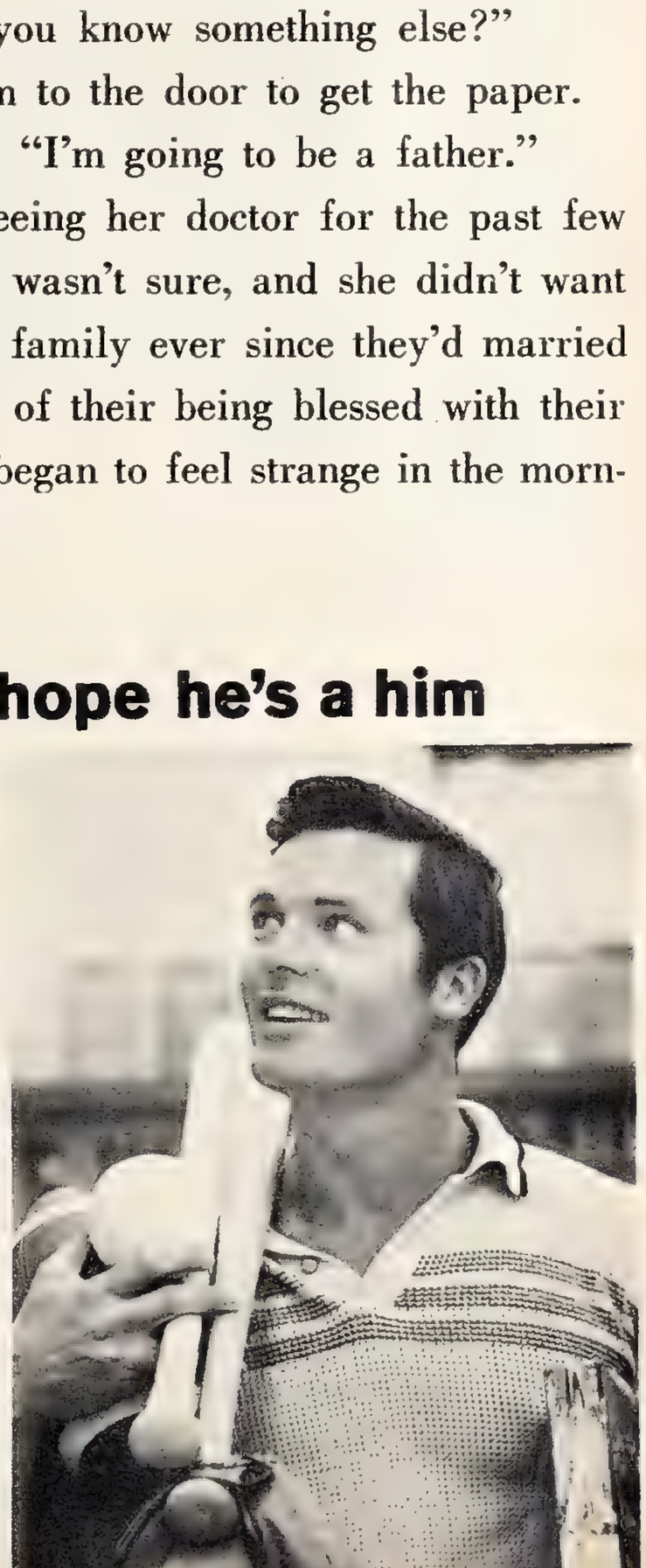
Andra looked startled. She had been seeing her doctor for the past few weeks, but had not mentioned it to Ty. She wasn't sure, and she didn't want to disappoint him. They'd wanted to have a family ever since they'd married last August. But there had been no signs of their being blessed with their first child, until a few weeks ago when she began to feel strange in the mornings. Not wanting to complain, she had said nothing to Ty.

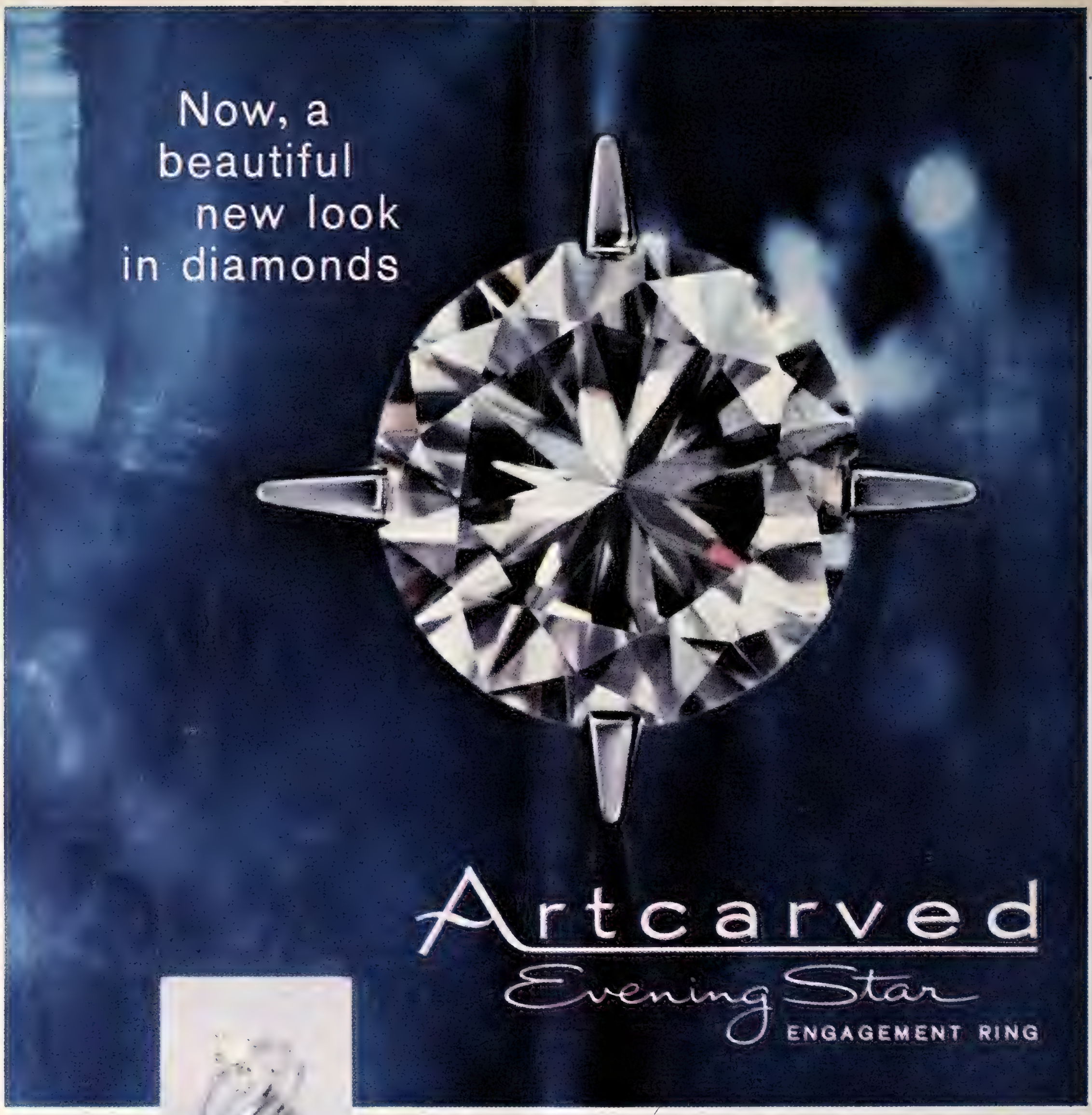
When the first shock of Ty's remark left her free to say anything, she whispered, "How can you be so sure of it?"

"My mind's made up," he laughed. "I just feel like being a father without more than the necessary delay." (*Continued on page* 87)

by **DOROTHY DAY**

hope he's a him







Artcarved
"Evening Star"†
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Beloved by brides for more than a hundred years (1850-1959)

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SAL MINEO

Continued from page 56

had my bags ready, before we stopped. It was raining a little harder now, I noticed, as I ran toward the terminal. Ease up, I thought to myself, looking up at the sky and the winking red lights of a circling plane. But I didn't mean the heavy weather—I meant that the tension in my chest just had to level off and let me alone.

I got my luggage weighed and was right on the nose. This made me feel pretty good. I'd been afraid it would be way over. Then I heard them announcing that my flight was about to depart. Glancing at my watch, I picked up my bags and started toward the gate. "Better hurry, fella," the man who checked my ticket told me.

The plane was filled, I noticed, as I made my way down the aisle. The seats were filled, for the most part, with businessmen, but there was one young woman with a little boy and a baby. The little boy kept asking, "When are we going up, when are we going to see Daddy?"—and his mother kept saying, "Soon."

The seat in front of them was empty. I adjusted the height of it and sat down. Almost as soon as I was seated, the *no smoking* and *fasten your safety belts* signs flashed on, and the plane began moving down the runway. My seat belt was already secured. I ground out my cigarette and looked out the window. The rain was really coming down. It could make us late, I thought.

Then the plane was in the air. The stewardess announced: "We are now flying at six thousand feet." I swallowed and my ears popped. Now I could hear the motors, but, above that, I could hear the voice of the little boy behind me. Turning around, I tried to catch his eyes—the biggest pair of blue eyes I'd ever seen.

"Hi," the little boy said, smiling, "I'm Zev. This is my baby brudder." He pointed a stubby finger at the sleeping infant. "And this is my mudder." Now he was pointing at the pretty, blond-haired woman.

She smiled. "It's his first flight," she said, "and he's pretty excited. Hope he doesn't bother you too much."

"No chance," I told her. "Kids and I get along fine."

Most of the way to New York, Zev and I played a three-year-old's version of casino. I was glad I could keep him amused, because the weather was getting worse and worse, and his mother was airsick. Rain poured down in almost impenetrable sheets and we were fighting a losing battle with headwinds that kept growing stronger and tossed the plane around as if it were a toy. And then there was a sudden clap of thunder. A jagged streak of lightning zig-zagged across the sky.

The *fasten your safty belts* sign flashed on again and again, and the stewardess, trying to serve coffee, spilled most of it. Then Zev's baby brother began to wail. I knew just about how he felt. This flight was no joy-ride. As a matter of fact, I wished now I *had* missed it and had taken the next flight.

Just before we got to New York, the stewardess made another announcement. "We are flying at eight thousand feet now," she told us. Almost immediately, the winds began to subside and the sun came out. We were above the storm. "In fifteen minutes," she added, "we will be coming into LaGuardia Airport."

"We're almost there," I told Zev. "You'll see your daddy soon and can tell him all about your roller-coaster ride."

Zev giggled, clapping his hands and spilling his cards.

Putting away their important-looking papers, the businessmen sat forward expectantly. Zev stepped down to pick up the cards and then peered out the window

And that's when it happened. We were heading in for the airport, losing altitude, circling—when we saw the plane coming toward us. Evidently its pilot meant to land at LaGuardia, too, but it seemed to me he was awfully close to us. Never had I seen a plane come that close before. And it kept on coming closer.

Stiffening, I leaned toward the window to get a better view. The seat belt held me back, but I could see enough . . . too much. The pilot of the other plane hadn't seen us. He was heading right for us. And our pilot hadn't seen him. It would only be a matter of seconds . . . before we hit. My throat tightened as Zev's mother screamed. She was the first. The others, as if the sound were ripped from them, were next, until the whole plane was filled with the sound of those screams, filled with the horror of death . . . and so many things left undone . . .

My mouth hung open, but no sound came out. My throat felt as if it were clutched in a vise. Zev clung to me. He began sobbing, and I shut my eyes tightly, trying to hold him close. to wordlessly comfort him.

His little body was crushed against my rosary beads; so, mentally, I fingered them; silently, I prayed for the strength to face whatever came. It was because Mom had taught us to believe and to pray from the time we were little that I could almost accept the fact that I was going to die. But for Him to take little Zev and the frightened infant behind me? I could not believe He would do this. My mother had taught us to believe, to accept and to trust, and this trust stayed with me even now. Somehow, God would save us all, I told myself, not questioning how, just *knowing* deep inside that He would.

Pressing little Zev more closely to me, I began to pray without words. And at that moment, in the middle of my prayer, it happened.

Suddenly, we were at what seemed to be a ninety-degree angle, pointing up toward the heavens. We were climbing with such swiftness it was terrifying. The screams around me grew more frantic. Zev's sobbing grew louder. Opening my eyes, I could see his tear-streaked face, the whiteness of fear etched deeply into that face.

But then I saw something else. Our plane had leveled out after its terrific climb. The other plane was nowhere to be seen. Amazingly, at the last possible moment, our pilot had sighted the cargo plane and had struck out for the top of the sky, to get us out of danger. He had saved us.

He? Not he alone. How many of us had prayed during those few seconds when a crash seemed inevitable? I don't know. I only know the pilot could not have done it alone.

Now, we were losing altitude again. I relaxed my grip on Zev, and he, feeling the tension lessen all around him, stopped crying and began to smile. "It's all right now, isn't it?" he asked.

I nodded and tried to smile, too. "Yes, Zev," I said. "We made it, thanks to God."

And I meant it. We could never have survived if God hadn't intervened.

As we circled the airport, I thought about what had happened, wondering how many others had realized that when we landed now and saw our folks at the gate, it would be a miracle. We had all witnessed this miracle together. Certainly there could be no doubt that God had reached down and lifted us out of danger. But our lives are full of miracles—less dramatic ones perhaps, and I wondered how many people in this world actually recognized them.

There are times in our lives when there seems to be no hope, no light. There had been such times in mine. And then, when I prayed, there had been a miracle, I remembered the time I thought I'd never see again, when I saw the future only as a place of darkness.

The doctors had put me through all sorts of examinations—blinking lights, drops that dilated the pupils of my eyes, everything. And then they told me what I feared most to hear. They told me it looked as if I were going blind.

Never to be able to see my family again . . . Never to be able to see a beautiful fall day, to see a child laughing and happy, or to be able to read a script or the words and music to a new song. And the people—would they want to be entertained by someone who couldn't see them, who stared sightlessly out at them?

"Mom! I can't *stand* it!" I told her then. "Mom—what am I going to *do*?"

And, forcing back her own tears, she said to me, "Sal, you've known the answer to that since you were a child. Talk to God."

I went off by myself to the quiet church, where I lit a candle to Saint Anthony, and then knelt. I didn't ask to be cured. I simply, humbly, asked for the strength to bear whatever came. Light, or darkness.

Finally when it was decided that I would have to be operated on, that perhaps this would help, I simply nodded and told the doctors to go ahead. I put the whole outcome in God's hands. And then miraculously, there was nothing more to fear. The doctors told me the operation was a success. I would see and go on seeing all that is beautiful, all that is wonderful. When I was better, I went back to the church I'd gone to when I first found out about my eyes, and knelt again, before God, and I thanked Him for everything . . .

I had no doubt that He heard and He watched over us all. He watched over Sarina. Sarina's my sister. I came home one day and Mother told me she was sick. We thought at first that Sarina had a cold, an unusually heavy cold that was hanging on too long. When we found out what really was wrong with her, we could only stand there and stare helplessly at each other. "Bulbar Poliomyelitis," the doctors said. "If she recovers, it will be nothing short of a miracle." But my mother believed in miracles, and by this time I believed almost as much as she did.

Mother turned to us and said softly, "It will be all right. It will be all right. God will take care of her." And then she went with Sarina to the hospital.

We tried, but it was hard to seem cheerful as we sat in Sarina's hospital room. All we could hear was the sound of my sister's labored breathing under the oxygen tent. But Mother insisted that we believe and tell Sarina we believed—everything would be all right. Everything would be just as it had been.

"If she passes the crisis . . ." the doctors kept saying. They looked at her and shook their heads and turned helplessly away. But we prayed and tried to believe she would be all right again. And so it came to be. Sarina passed the crisis. Sarina walks and runs today as if nothing ever happened. . . .

Sarina recovered, and my sight was restored. Now my life had been spared. Why? I can only think it was because I prayed—and believed my prayers would be answered. You can't expect God to perform His miracles all alone—without your help. You've got to *believe* He's with you and hears you. You've got to believe. THE END

SEE SAL IN COLUMBIA'S "THE GENE KRUPA STORY." HE ALSO RECORDS FOR EPIC RECORDS.



who will be the Gold Medal favorites for 1959?

Don't just wish upon a star—vote for one.

PICTURES

Alias Jesse James
Anatomy of a Murder
Angry Hills, The
Anna Lucasta
Ask Any Girl
Bell, Book and Candle
Beloved Infidel
Ben-Hur
Best of Everything, The
Big Fisherman, The
Black Orchid, The
Blue Angel, The
Blue Denim
Buccaneer, The
But Not for Me
Career
Compulsion
Count Your Blessings
Darby O'Gill and the Little People
Devil's Disciple, The
Diary of Anne Frank, The
Doctor's Dilemma, The
Dog of Flanders
Don't Give Up the Ship
FBI Story, The
Five Pennies, The
For the First Time
Gidget
Girls' Town
Green Mansions
Hanging Tree, The
Happy Anniversary
Hercules
Hole in the Head, A
Holiday for Lovers
Horse Soldiers, The
Horse's Mouth, The
Hound-Dog Man, The
Hound of the Baskervilles, The
House of the Seven Hawks, The
Imitation of Life
It Happened to Jane
It Started with a Kiss
John Paul Jones
Journey, The
Journey to the Center of the Earth
Last Angry Man, The
Last Blitzkrieg, The
Last Train from Gun Hill
Libel
Li'l Abner
Lonelyhearts
Look Back in Anger
Man Who Understood Women, The
Mating Game, The
Middle of the Night
Miracle, The
Mouse That Roared, The
Mummy, The
Mysterians, The
Naked Maja, The
Never So Few
Never Steal Anything Small
Night of the Quarter Moon
Night to Remember, A
North by Northwest
Nun's Story, The
Odds Against Tomorrow
On the Beach
Operation Petticoat
Perfect Furlough, The
Pillow Talk
Porgy and Bess
Pork Chop Hill
Private's Affair, A
Rabbit Trap, The
Rally 'Round the Flag, Boys!
Remarkable Mr. Pennypacker, The
Rio Bravo
Sapphire
Say One for Me
Scapegoat, The
Shaggy Dog, The
Shake Hands with the Devil
Sheriff of Fractured Jaw, The
Sleeping Beauty, The
Solomon and Sheba
Some Like It Hot
Sound and the Fury, The
Stranger in My Arms
Summer Place, A
Take a Giant Step
Tempest
That Kind of Woman
These Thousand Hills
They Came to Cordura
Third Man on the Mountain
This Earth Is Mine
1,001 Arabian Nights
Trap, The
Up Periscope!
Warlock
Watusi
Who Was That Lady?
Wild and the Innocent, The
Woman Obsessed
Wonderful Country, The
World, Flesh and the Devil, The
Wreck of the Mary Deare, The
Yellowstone Kelly
Young Land, The
Young Philadelphians, The

Maybe you've never thought about it like that, but you're a star-maker. Yes, that's right, *you*. Every time you go to a movie, every time you pick up a copy of Photoplay, you're being a fan. And if there weren't any fans, there couldn't be any stars. Your biggest day of the year as a star-maker is the day you vote for your Gold Medal Winners. That's when all the stars wish upon you!

You've got till December 31, 1959 to put your favorites in orbit.

STARS

Allyson, June
Astaire, Fred
Baker, Carroll
Bel Geddes, Barbara
Belafonte, Harry
Bloom, Claire
Bogarde, Dirk
Boone, Pat
Borgnine, Ernest
Boyd, Stephen
Brazzi, Rossano
Britt, May
Brynner, Yul
Burton, Richard
Byrnes, Edward
Cagney, James
Carere, Christine
Caron, Leslie
Chandler, Jeff
Chevalier, Maurice
Coe, Barry
Cooper, Gary
Crawford, Joan
Crosby, Bing
Crosby, Gary
Curtis, Tony
Dandridge, Dorothy
Darren, James
Davis, Bette
Davis, Sammy, Jr.
Day, Doris
Dee, Sandra
de Havilland, Olivia
DeWilde, Brandon
Dillman, Bradford
Douglas, Kirk
Egan, Richard
Ferrer, Mel
Fonda, Henry
Ford, Glenn
Franciosa, Anthony
Gable, Clark
Gardner, Ava
Garner, James
Gavin, John
Gaynor, Mitzi
Grant, Cary
Grant, Kathryn
Guinness, Alec
Hayward, Susan
Hayworth, Rita
Heflin, Van
Hepburn, Audrey
Heston, Charlton
Holden, William
Hope, Bob
Hudson, Rock
Hunter, Tab
Hyer, Martha
Jones, Carolyn
Jones, Shirley
Jourdan, Louis
Jurgens, Curt
Kaye, Danny
Keel, Howard
Kerr, Deborah
Kitt, Eartha
Ladd, Alan
Ladd, David
Lancaster, Burt
Lange, Hope
Lanza, Mario
Leigh, Janet
Lemmon, Jack
Lewis, Jerry
Lollobrigida, Gina
London, Julie
Loren, Sophia
Lynley, Carol
MacArthur, James
MacLaine, Shirley
MacMurray, Fred
Malone, Dorothy
Mansfield, Jayne
March, Fredric
Martin, Dean
McGuire, Dorothy
Miles, Vera
Mineo, Sal
Mitchum, Robert
Monroe, Marilyn
Moore, Roger
Moore, Terry
More, Kenneth
Muni, Paul
Murphy, Audie
Murray, Don
Newman, Paul
Niven, David
Novak, Kim
Olivier, Laurence
Palance, Jack
Palmer, Betsy
Parker, Eleanor
Parker, Fess
Parker, Suzy
Peck, Gregory
Perkins, Anthony
Philips, Lee
Poitier, Sidney
Quinn, Anthony
Randall, Tony
Remick, Lee
Reynolds, Debbie
Robertson, Cliff
Rooney, Mickey
Rush, Barbara
Russell, John
Ryan, Robert
Saint, Eva Marie
Saxon, John
Scala, Gia
Seberg, Jean
Sellers, Peter
Simmons, Jean
Sinatra, Frank
Smith, Roger
Stack, Robert
Stevens, Inger
Stewart, James
Stockwell, Dean
Taylor, Robert
Turner, Lana
Ure, Mary
Varsi, Diane
Wagner, Robert
Walker, Clint
Wayne, David
Wayne, John
Webb, Clifton
Welles, Orson
Whitman, Stuart
Widmark, Richard
Winters, Shelley
Woodward, Joanne
Wynter, Dana
Young, Gig

NEWCOMERS

Anderson, Donna
Anka, Paul
Baker, Diane
Baker, Joby
Balin, Ina
Beymer, Richard
Blackman, Joan
Callan, Michael
Corbett, Glenn
Craig, Yvonne
Donahue, Elinor
Donahue, Troy
Ely, Ron
Fabian
Funicello, Annette
Hamilton, George
Harareet, Haya
Hodges, Eddie
Kohner, Susan
Merrill, Dina
Miller, Dennis
Munro, Janet
Nash, Johnny
Nelson, Rick
Newmar, Julie
O'Brien, Joan
Palmer, Peter
Parrish, Leslie
Perkins, Millie
Piazza, Ben
Reeves, Steve
Robards, Jason, Jr.
Robbins, Cindy
Rojo, Gustavo
Shigeta, James
Shipman, Nina
Stevens, Dodie
Stevens, Stella
Towers, Constance
von Koczian, Johanna
Wayne, Pat
Welch, Joseph N.
Weld, Tuesday



Tony Curtis and Debbie won last year. Now, here's your ballot for the 39th year of Gold Medal voting.

GOLD MEDAL BALLOT

My choice for the Gold Medal Winners of 1959:

BEST MALE STAR_____

BEST FEMALE STAR_____

BEST MOTION PICTURE_____

BEST MALE NEWCOMER_____

BEST FEMALE NEWCOMER_____

Paste on a postcard and mail to:
Gold Medal Ballot
P. O. Box 2682
Grand Central Station
New York 17, New York

KEELY SMITH

Continued from page 63

spoke up. Their whispers were low and strange, as if what they were saying wasn't nice. And not one of them said "Hi" to me. They were all looking at me in a different way, I felt, from the way they usually did. They seemed cold and calculating and, suddenly, I wanted to run. I was afraid. I couldn't help wondering what was the matter. What had I done?

Then I did run. I ran all the way over to my girlfriend's house. When I got there, I stopped and caught my breath, and then I started calling her name. But she yelled back from the kitchen, "I . . . I can't come out now! I'm busy helping my mom."

I waited on the porch for a long time, but she didn't even come to the window. Another girlfriend didn't live too far from there, so I went over to see her. She was sitting on some worn, splintery porch steps, reading a mystery book from the library. She acted as if she didn't want to interrupt her reading, even for a minute, to talk to me.

Sitting down next to her, I said, "I'll just stay a short while. What're you reading?" When she told me the title of the book, I thought her tone was uppity, and I couldn't figure out why. "Bessie," I finally blurted out, my voice tight and anxious, "have I done something wrong? Why is everybody treating me like I had mumps or something? What . . . what's the matter? I haven't done anything wrong, have I?"

"*You* should know," she said emphatically, curtly, slapping the book closed and turning away from me.

"What do you mean?"

"Well," she said in a breathy tone of voice, "everybody knows. You can't hide something like that. It's all over school and the neighborhood."

What was? I begged her to tell me what she was talking about but she just sat back and stared at me for a minute. Then she leaned over and told me the terrible rumor about me that had started that morning in assembly.

When she finished, it was so awful that I couldn't even bring myself to speak for a minute. All I could do was cry. Then between tears, I sobbed, "How can anybody believe something terrible like that? How can anyone think it's the truth, when they know the kind of person I am?"

She didn't answer. She just opened up her library book and pretended to read.

All the way home, I cried. My mom, who's part English and part Cherokee Indian, was working late in the dime store. She'd worked there ever since she and my dad were divorced, when I was ten years old. She worked to support all of us: my three brothers—Dumps (Howard), Piggy (Norman), Buster and myself. My pop was a lazy man, we all knew it, and finally my mom told us she'd do it all alone. She never once complained and we grew up in such a warm atmosphere with Mom, that we never really honestly felt lost or lonely without a dad.

Two of my brothers were home, and they wanted to know what was the matter with me. "Why're you crying, Sis?" Piggy demanded, his dark eyes looking concernedly into mine.

I started to cry even harder because I couldn't bring myself to tell him the terrible thing the school kids were saying about me. I was ashamed to tell Piggy because he was a boy.

Finally, my mom came home. She came in the dark and musty-smelling living room where Piggy told her I was sitting and crying so hard.

"Child," she said, "you look like you've had a fit."

Between sobs, I told her what my girlfriend had said. I told her how everybody was ignoring me, and the boys were pointing fingers at me and whispering.

As her eyes stared into mine, her face blanched, but all she said was, "Who'd ever have started such an evil thing?"

I shrugged my shoulders. "I don't know," I said.

"Well," she announced, "I'll get to the bottom of it, don't you worry."

When Mom called me that next morning, I couldn't face school. "I can't go," I told her, "not after yesterday." She let me stay home. My heart felt as if a steamroller had crushed it.

I moped around the house all day, and that evening, when Mom came back from clerking at the Norfolk five-and-dime, she sat me down on the swing on the back porch and put her arm around me.

"Just because someone's made up a lie about you, doesn't mean *you* have to believe it," she said. "I can't seem to find out where it started. And I don't think we should waste any more time trying to find out. I think we should be bigger than the fools who think such a thing. I'm not telling any of your brothers about this, because you know how hoppin' mad they'd get. They'd turn the town upside down. Dorothy, I want you to be braver than they are and to go out and look them in their faces. If they have the nerve to say anything, I want you to answer them back. Not angrily, but like a lady."

"I can't, Mom, I just can't," I cried.

"You *must!*" my mom told me firmly. "And I'm going to be praying for you because I love you. No daughter of mine is going to let some stupid rumor ruin her life."

I shook my head. "No," I said. "I want to move away from here, to a place where nobody'll know us, and I can start life all over again."

She nodded her head and looked into my eyes calmly. "Darling," she said, "we're not going to run away from lies. If we ran away, everybody would think it's true, don't you see?"

"But Mom, you don't understand," I said, and then I told her about Gus. He was the captain of the football team, and he was tall and dark-eyed, with black wavy hair. He sat across from me in chemistry class, and he'd just begun to carry my books to the next class. "You see, he's started to notice me. I just *know* he was going to ask me to have a Coke with him soon, and now . . . and now—" I couldn't say anything more, I was crying too hard.

"You think Gus will believe that rumor?" Mom asked.

"Well, why won't he? Everyone else does—and Mom—I *like* him!"

"Well," my mom announced, patting my shoulders, "you're going to begin with him. You're going to go up to him tomorrow morning, and you're going to say, 'I just heard about a big and ugly lie somebody's spreading about me, and I want all my friends to know I'm going to stand up and shame the person who started it, by not being afraid to face everybody.'"

"Mom," I said, "I can't tell him anything like that."

"All right then," she said, "you tell him what you want, but tell him something, so he'll know you're not afraid to face up to an ugly lie."

Maybe it was the Irish blood, from my father's side, that gave me a speck of courage the next morning. Or maybe it was my mother's faith in me about the whole thing. I knew Mom wouldn't call up the principal again to say I was sick, so I dressed for school and ate my breakfast of toast and cereal.

I walked to school with Dumps and Piggy and Buster, and I was glad Mom hadn't told them anything. But I had a clammy sensation in the pit of my stomach that if I goofed today in the way I handled everything, I could never go back to school again. I kept thinking of my mom's words over and over again: *I had nothing to be ashamed of.*

As I walked into my homeroom and the kids turned and whispered to each other, I held my head up high. I'll show them who's afraid of lies, I told myself.

I wouldn't dare let my fright show. I went up to my girlfriend—the one who wouldn't talk to me the day before. "Did you ever stop to think of coming to me and asking if the rumor was true?" I said. "If you were really my friend, that's what you'd do."

She looked stunned.

"I'm not going to let lies get the best of me," I told her. "And I'm not going to lower myself to bother asking who ever started such a terrible rumor. It'll catch up with them someday, you wait and see."

She panicked, and I wondered for a moment if maybe she'd been the one who'd started the rumor. But I wasn't going to start speculating about that because, if I ever found out, I'd probably be heartbroken.

So I held my head up high, and believe me, it took all the courage I had.

I finally saw Gus later that afternoon and, taking a deep breath, I marched myself right up to him. "Gus," I said, "I've heard an awful rumor that's going around about me, and I just want all my friends to know it's not true. I—I'm not like that!" And then, as I looked at him, I saw that he was smiling at me. I couldn't believe it!

"I knew it wasn't true," he said, and then he asked me for a Coke.

My heart jumped a beat, and I was positive I was dreaming. At the drugstore after school, Gus asked me if I were going to the football game Saturday.

"Sure," I told him, "I never miss a game. I go with my brothers."

"Would it be all right if I walked you home?" he asked, and I flipped.

After we finished our Cokes, I ran all the way home, my heart pounding with joy. There weren't any whispers from the gangs of guys at the street corners now. Gus was the captain of the football team, and if he believed me and wanted to be seen with me, then I was strictly okay. I wanted to hug my mom, to tell her she was one-hundred per cent right, and that the only way to face a lie was to stand up and fight for the truth—and not run away!

Now I'm Keely Smith—when Mom married Jesse Smith, my stepfather, I took both dads' names for my stage name—I realize how much that episode means to me in my life. Why? Because it gave me strength and courage to believe in myself.

My romance with Gus turned out to be a puppy love crush, and anyway, Gus moved away to Louisiana where his folks were going to open up a restaurant. But in 1949, when I turned sixteen, my brother Piggy heard that Louis Prima, my favorite singer and music maker, was playing at the Surf Club in Virginia Beach—which is close to Norfolk. Piggy heard Louis was looking for a girl vocalist and he arranged for me to have an audition with him that next Sunday afternoon. I'll never forget the date: August 6th. Piggy borrowed a beat-up car to drive me over to the Club.

I stood up there, ready for my audition,

and I sang "Embraceable You" and "Sleepy Time Gal." Louis came right out and said he liked my voice, and he commented about my poise. I don't think I would have had that poise if I hadn't had to face up to that awful rumor. It taught me to stand up straight under pressure; to face myself and not be afraid.

Louis signed me as the girl singer in his band, and Piggy and I went home to celebrate. Mom and my step-dad, Jesse, gave me a small party. We were still poor and we couldn't afford much, but, to tell the truth, the party fixings didn't matter. What mattered was that we were all happy, and that my family glowed over my good news.

By 1953, I had fallen in love with Louis—or The Chief, as we called him. I had great respect and admiration for his dedication to his work; for the way he perfected all his numbers. Louis was tireless in his efforts to help all of us who were with him. He taught me how to pick out show costumes and decided upon the design that was right for me—the cocktail-length dress with the tailored top and full skirt. Once, when he saw another vocalist wearing a long page-boy hairdo just like mine, he picked up a scissors and a comb and he cut my hair so it would have "a look all its own"—and I've been wearing it that way ever since. Naturally, Louis has helped me develop my style of singing.

We married, and we've been blessed with two beautiful daughters, Luanne Frances and Toni Elizabeth, and we've been lucky not only in love, but also in our careers (although I'd give up my career tomorrow if it interfered with my marriage). Our love has grown deeper, and our careers have developed to a point I never believed possible. Each night, when I'm singing with Louis on the stage, I have to pinch myself to remind myself it's all true; that the fans are all out there clapping for more; and that their love and their loyalty have made us into the popular performers we are today.

Louis and I believe love is the secret of any success we've achieved. We're both "love people." We both love good movies and the love ballads of Ella Fitzgerald, Lena Horne and Frank Sinatra. We still date, believe it or not. Some nights, between club dates, Louis will look at me and say, "Honey, how's about a date? Huh?" and we get into the car and put the top down and drive to a roadside stand for hot dogs with mustard and chocolate pie. Sometimes we keep to ourselves—reading or learning a new song—between acts because we believe married people should respect one another's privacy, too. I love to read anything that has to do with love—poems, books or news stories. Let's face it—without love, the flowers just aren't as pretty and the sun isn't as cozy or warm.

But being in the limelight, of course, subjects Louis and me to a lot of rumors. Some weeks, a day won't pass without my hearing a rumor or some nasty gossip about our breaking up; that our marriage is on the rocks, or that we've called it quits and are separating.

And do you know what I do? I think back to Mom's wise words that gave me the strength to face my classmates, and I know, so long as *I* know what is true and face up to it, that is what matters.

For after all, aren't all lies slippery? Once you stand up to them, don't they slip away? People will always talk. You can never worry about all the things they're going to say. Rumors can hurt people lots of times, but I won't let them hurt me or my family.

—AS TOLD TO GEORGE CHRISTY

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ALAN LADD

Continued from page 55

and my thoughts. And as I looked out the window, I saw that it was a beautiful day for a wedding. The sun was tracing patterns of light and shadow on the lawn where you played as a boy.

I'm sure you know it's the marriage that's really important—not the wedding. But I wonder if you know it takes hard work to make a good marriage. Sue and I have had a good marriage. That's what I want for you, too. We've had seventeen years of marriage—Susie and I—and we hope we'll have seventy more. But you know not every couple can say that, Son. How did we do it? I'd like to be able to tell you, so that you'll be as happy as we were—and are.

Happy? I couldn't help smiling today, when I thought back to my wedding day. What a contrast between our wedding and yours! It was in 1942 when Sue and I were married.

World War II was on at that time (which is why we hurried our marriage) and I was among those to go. I never did get across, but was assigned to a camp at Walla Walla, Washington. And it was then that Sue and I began our "no separation" arrangement which has gone on throughout the years, and always will.

What a honeymoon we had! Of course, we didn't have much money in those days and travel accommodations were hard to get. So Sue and I shared one upper berth on the train to Walla Walla. I don't recommend it for comfort.

Every time Sue turned over, I nearly landed in the aisle. After I'd hung onto the berth for dear life for the umpteenth time, Sue said, "We'll just have to invent some signals, honey."

All around us were people snoring and coughing. I felt as if I hadn't slept in a week. "Like what?" I asked Sue.

She sat up and thought about it a minute. "Well," she said, "every time I want to turn over, I'll wake you up. When I say 'right turn,' we both turn right; 'left'—we turn left together."

"All right," I mumbled. "Now I *know* I'm in the Army." But it worked!

Then, at last, I was discharged. The war was over, and we returned to Sue's home. I wasn't making a big salary at Paramount at the time, but I still wanted to be the one to provide my wife a home. So we began looking around. Instead of a house in town, we found an old three-car garage with a shed attached far out on beautiful ranch land in Hidden Valley, and with the aid of a carpenter, we re-made it into the ranch house that has now become our second home. We've hardly had to alter the main house in all these years. You kids loved it. We still do. A man has to have a place to relax and have peace.

Everything about your first home is important. It's kind of the first thing you build together. But I'll never forget the time during the building when the carpenter walked out on us. You see, the night before I had decided the pine ceiling beams were too smooth for an early American effect. What a night Sue and I had boring fake worm holes and antiquing it up! Well, the next morning the carpenter took one look and stomped out, sticking the door with a hatchet on the way. Sue and I finished it together.

Now about a woman's tears, Son. They're hard to resist but when you're right about a thing, don't give in to them.

You know that big coffee table in our combination living room-bedroom at the ranch? Sue and I both loved that table, but we loved it for different reasons. "What a great dining room table!" she said.

I stared at her. "Sue," I told her quietly, "you know very well that table is going to be a coffee table."

"What?" Her chin began to tremble a little. "You're not going to saw off those lovely long legs, are you?"

I picked up a cigarette. I remember I took a long time about lighting it.

"*Are* you?" Sue repeated, her eyes beginning to fill with tears.

"I am."

"You are *not*!" she said, and then she threw herself down on the sofa and began to cry in earnest.

For a moment I stood there looking at her, wanting to go to her. I wanted to tell her, "Sure, we'll keep that table in the dining room. We'll do anything you want, darling. Just stop crying." But I didn't. Instead, I hauled out the tool-box and got a newspaper and began sawing away at those table legs.

After a while, I noticed that there was no sobbing above the sawing sounds. But I didn't look up—not right away. I didn't look up until I had the fourth leg sawed to the proper height—or rather, shortness. Then I stepped back to survey my handiwork.

It looks wonderful, I was thinking. Then I heard someone saying, "It looks wonderful!"

When I turned around, I said casually, "Is there an echo in here?" And I saw that Sue was smiling.

She still smiles when she looks at that table, and she still thinks it looks wonderful. Of course, Son, there's a lesson in this. It's not easy to learn to understand about a woman's tears. But sometimes it pays to overlook them.

Later we built the house in town that became home, gathering place, and the center and core of our family life. And it was a *big* family. It still is. Our house was always the gathering place for you and your friends. It still is. Like your sister, Carole Lee, her husband Johnny and their baby Jody. And Alana and her steady date, Chris Seitz, and David and a friend, usually Bob Cummings Jr. And though you, Son, and Patty will be taking a place of your own, we know you'll be coming home, too, for visits.

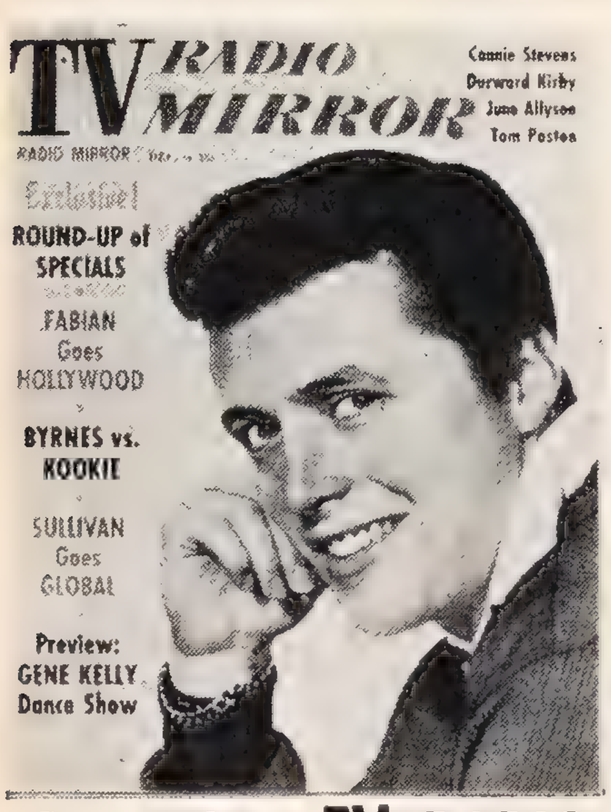
We're a family—a happy family—and I hope we always will be. But remember, it's the wife who sets the mood; if she's not happy, no one is. Why am I happy? Because Sue is. And why is she happy? I think because I tried never to forget that she was an individual, as well as my wife. Before our marriage, Sue was my agent, and she carried right on as co-worker and co-planner with me in my career afterward. Together, we read scripts and decide on stories. But she never let that interfere for one moment with her home, and, perhaps because I made her realize how important she was to me, she always made me feel important, too. Like the time last summer when David had to go to Antwerp, Belgium, for his movie, "A Dog of Flanders." Susie knew we all needed her here, and so a close family friend, Jean Martin, made the location trip with David and everything turned out fine. But how many women would have made the gesture—especially after seventeen years? And then there was the time we went to the island of Hydra, off the coast of Greece, together for the picture, "Boy on a Dolphin." Although her heart was also at home with you children, she stuck it out with me to the end.

The going is not always smooth—but who'd want it to be? Your mother and I have shared dingy hotel rooms, lived in rustic cabins and motels on locations, where she'd cook my dinner on a hot-plate and look after my needs—and no place was too far or too rugged for her to go.

Why am I telling you this? Because the girl you're marrying is a wonderful and efficient girl, and she'll be happier—so will you—if you let her go along with you as partner in your plans. Build together, as Sue and I did. And are still building. Don't, please, deny her this right. I think it's right that you provide the home as I did, that you take your place as the head of the family. But try to remain real partners in your marriage, as well as sweethearts.

And, as far as possible, follow our policy of never buying nor planning beyond your means. As you can afford it—expand. Splurging beyond your depth never pays. I know. You see, I learned the value of a dollar the hard way. I was on my own when I was much younger than you are and sometimes the going was rough. Now I'm glad of that. It taught me quite a few lessons in life.

And while I'm in the mood, here's another bit of advice. This may sound funny, but dare to be impulsive at times. It can add spice to any man's life—and, I think, to any woman's. Marriage can so easily become a humdrum routine, and that's when romance goes out the window. Do you remember that evening, several years ago, when we were all sitting out on the patio porch of our Hidden Valley house and suddenly I got the urge to be up and off?



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"Let's go some place," I suggested. It was ten o'clock at night.

"Where?" you kids and your mother asked.

"I don't know. How about Lake Tahoe?"

And we all piled into our cars and went, ending up in San Francisco. It's always been like that in our marriage. "Let's go!" I've said to Sue, and found myself on the Queen Mary bound for Europe, or in the car headed for any place our fancy took us. But always together. That's the important thing to remember, Laddie.

Maybe Sue will kill me for telling this but I wouldn't trade that wonderful first crazy year or two for all the money in the world.

Did we spat? Oh brother, did we! At least once a week Sue would flounce out of the house on her way to leaving me forever. Of course, she'd always kind of wait around the corner until I'd go after her. And I always did, until one evening I took my stand. "The next time you go out that door," I told her, "I won't come after you." I looked her straight in the eye and she knew I meant it.

She never left the house in a huff again. This is just a little tip, Son, in case Patty takes to flouncing. Anyway, it worked for me.

Was I jealous? I viewed the whole world with a green eye. Up in the attic of our first home—in Sue's house it was—I came across some still pictures of your mother from one of her early movies, "Soft Pillows." And I hit the ceiling. There was my Sue, my wife, done up in nothing but a scanty costume. And she wasn't only a fine actress in those days, but a real beauty, Laddie.

Anyway I tore them up in a rage but, you know, looking back as I am now, I suddenly remember that no matter how many I destroyed, there were always one or two that just happened to turn up. And I got mad all over again. Now who do you suppose was responsible for those extra pictures?

Well, anyway, a woman likes a bit of jealousy as long as it doesn't get out of hand, Son. And a bit of flattery. And a great deal of love. So keep and cherish this wonderful girl who's become your bride and a part of you forever.

You won't know how much a part until you come face to face with the fact you may lose her—forever. As I did with Sue. It happened when David was born. Sue had a bad time, Laddie. In fact, the doctor had little hope of saving her.

If I never did before, I knew then what she meant to me. I guess something like this happens to a man in order to teach him values. To bring him up short. To teach him that the most important things in life are very often the things we take for granted.

So watch it, Son. Learn right from the beginning true values. And never forget them.

As I sit here now, looking up at you in your dark suit and Patty all in white, I want to say all these things I thought about this afternoon to you. Maybe you know that. But whether you do or not, I want you to know I'll always be standing by with love in my heart and a prayer on my lips. A prayer that everything will turn out as wonderfully for you as it has with me and Susie. But I can't say that—it sounds too much like a father, doesn't it? So all I'll say, as you and Patty leave on your honeymoon trip that is the beginning of your voyage together, is: "Easy does it, Son."

THE END

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BRANDON DEWILDE

Continued from page 45

more naive than most of the fifteen- and sixteen-year-old kids I've known. Most teenagers know a *lot* about sex, it's what they talk about all the time; and most of them have had some pretty sound advice from their mothers and dads and have read some books, plus what they pick up from each other. But this doesn't mean that what happened in 'Blue Denim' can't happen. I've known kids . . . One fellow came running into the school hangout last year shouting, 'I'm a father!' It was terrible, it was as if he were bragging; only it probably wasn't bragging at all but just an awful sense of guilt.

"It's only natural that teenagers think about sex—that's for sure. Our bodies are ready and our minds and emotions are trying to catch up. I guess girls feel they should resist a kiss so as not to seem 'easy'! If a boy doesn't try, though, a girl thinks she's repulsive!

"My parents taught me 'the facts' when I was eleven or twelve and we've always talked about everything. I want them to know the girls I date. Usually, after I've dated a girl a few times, I either invite her, along with several other fellows and girls, to our apartment in Manhattan or I ask her to spend a weekend with my parents and me at our place on Long Island. My mother has always written the girl's mother first, too.

"Baldwin, Long Island, is where we lived when I was a kid and where we've always spent our weekends. When my parents had a chance to meet the girl, I always asked them what they thought. Of course, if I'm really stuck badly on a girl, my dad sees it and keeps his opinions to himself. After we break up, then he'll say, 'I could have told you.' . . . But he's always given me good advice about girls. Guess he got around himself when he was young.

"You know, last year I was primarily interested in how a girl *looked.* I'd just started dating; I was kind of shy (I don't know exactly how I got over it, but I'm not shy now), and I didn't know what was expected of me or what the consequences would be. I was scared of even leaning over and kissing a girl goodnight for fear she'd whale me. Now I can sort of tell if she'd like it. I never *ask* a girl if I can kiss her goodnight and I don't usually try on the first or second date. If I try on the third date and she says no, I'll admit I might be a little miffed but, primarily, I'd change my approach.

"When you get to be seventeen, you start looking for something deeper than looks—at least that's how it is with me. I'm looking for personality, for a girl's likes and dislikes; I want to be able to talk to a girl, sit down and discuss problems and situations; the problems of young people and adults and, of course, show business.

"There's a time for everything, and at each stage, you need a certain maturity in order to top a situation. In steady dating, too, there's bound to be an element of suspicion and distrust, like 'Now why did you look at that boy? I saw you turn around.'

"That's probably why Carol Lynley and I hit it off so great. She's beautiful, and she's thoughtful and she's interested in everything. Also, we're both not too keen about dancing. I think she's one of the most wonderful people I've ever known. But we don't believe in going steady. I don't think anyone under seventeen should ever go steady—and certainly no one under twenty-one. The whole purpose of dating is to get to know other people. If you know and understand people, you can approach marriage with a lot more intelligence. A fellow should really be twenty-five or so, when he marries. I've seen some early marriages and statistics prove they just don't last. That's probably because the attraction is purely physical and, after marriage, two very young people often find they have a lot of problems that don't concern each other—who they *are,* for example.

I like shy girls. So do other boys I know. We like shy girls and love a real wholehearted blush. Some people mistake shyness for coldness, but they're not the same thing at all. A shy girl answers you, a cold one has no answers.

"I have four real close friends and a lot of the time, we just sit around and yak about girls. I don't know whether girls yak about boys, but I sure know what guys talk about.

"We met a girl a couple of weeks ago, for example. Bill said she was nice and easy to talk to and Greg thought she had a crush on me. Pete said she had a crush on my name 'cause she's seen it on a marquee. I hope not. I want to be liked for just me.

"We discuss each new girl we meet—we're all seventeen and we all have about the same opinions. We don't like girls who drink or smoke. In fact, I think there should be a law prohibiting liquor to anyone under twenty-one. I don't like to see men drink, and I *hate* to see a girl or a woman drink. I have a glass of wine on Christmas and Thanksgiving, but that's that. Most of the guys I know don't smoke. (I smoke a little when I'm nervous. But my parents don't approve; they don't think it's healthy and they feel it doesn't look well.)

"And I don't think there's any question about it: If a girl uses a lot of make-up and talks pretty sophisticated—or swears—you figure either that she's putting on a big front for someone (not me, certainly) or she's fast—or both. And the guys I know aren't interested in dating fast girls. They just aren't. Me, I'm crazy about pony tails, blond pony tails.

"None of us has ever done any parking because we can't drive in New York at night; we're not old enough. I don't see anything wrong with parking out in front of a girl's house long enough to say good night properly; but heavy necking can only lead to complications we're not ready to handle.

Incidentally, getting back to 'Blue Denim,' I think *Arthur Bartley's* parents were pretty stupid. Most parents aren't stupid like that. Of course, kids like to sit around and yak about how old-fashioned their parents are and how they don't understand them; but if you get them into a good, serious discussion, they'll usually end up admitting that their parents' attitudes are sound enough.

"For example, my parents don't believe in my staying out too late. So I stayed out real late one night and they cut out all my dating for two weeks. This was pretty rough because there was a party coming up I wanted to go to. It was at the very end of the discipline period, so I figured maybe I could get away with it. I pretended I had to go down to the drug store, and out I went—the back way. Of course, my parents aren't dumb and they found out about the party. They were really boiled about it because I was leaving the next day for California to do a TV show, but they simply handed me some more discipline—two more weeks without dates. And this time, I obeyed. They've got a point, of course; I feel better and work better when I have some sleep.

"My parents and I are very close, but we argue constantly. Did I say argue? It's one battle royal about everything! No matter what side they're on, I'm on the other side. Take smoking, for example, which I *know* isn't healthy. I wouldn't admit that to them for anything in the world—not until I'm forty! I'll never admit they're right, but I know they are. I guess it's just that we want to feel grownup and independent.

"I get an allowance of twelve-fifty a week, which Dad considers average for someone who's seventeen. When I get acquainted with a new girl, I usually level with her. 'Now look, Charlie,' I tell her, 'don't expect too much of me. I have this allowance; for a real big date, I have to save up a while.' On daytime dates, and in New York there are a lot of these, we go strictly Dutch.

"I don't think fellows should date before sixteen. They haven't the money, for one thing, and they haven't the poise. I was crazy about girls, but scared to death I might *have* to take one out, until I finally took one out—skating! I was fourteen, and I didn't know whether to put her skates on for her or not, whether to ask her out for a hot chocolate. I didn't know what to talk about and I was scared I'd fall down flat on the ice. She was shy, but finally she told me how she'd broken a toe skating, and suddenly she was a person—like Gregg or Pete or Bill! If you ask me, that is the most important thing I ever learned about dating."

—ARLENE JOHNSON

BRANDON CAN BE SEEN IN 20TH'S "BLUE DENIM."

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CAROL LYNLEY

Continued from page 45

blue princess dress, and he was a perfectly nice boy whose family were our friends. I had a miserable time. I didn't talk much and he didn't talk much and we didn't hear a word each other said. The fact is, I wasn't ready to date; I was glad when the evening was over and I could go home.

"It wasn't that I was afraid of the boy; it was just that I didn't know what to talk about. I just felt funny and sort of uncomfortable and I wanted to go home.

"I never did do things as early as some of the other girls did. Some girls in school were just keen to run around with boys. But not me. Maybe that's because I've never really understood boys, and maybe that's because I wasn't used to having a man around the house. I never really knew my father. Mother and he separated when I was only two, and I saw him once in a while—until I was eight—when they got a divorce. There were two more stepfathers after that, for a while. I don't know how people can think they're in love—and then not be. And how can they be in love and not get along? I don't know, but I feel if I keep on taking things slow and easy, maybe I never will have to know.

"Of course, with a part, I never feel that way. The more dramatic the part is, the happier I am. I remember when I was only eleven-and-a-half, a producer asked my mother if I could read the script of 'Blue Denim.'

"Mother hesitated for a while and then she said to me, 'It's a good part—but it's an awfully shocking play.' She told me it was about a girl who started to have a baby and stopped it.

"This was new to me. 'How?' I asked.

"And Mother said, 'With an operation.' I read the play immediately. I've always loved to read, but I sure didn't understand it all. But when I was fourteen, and the producer again asked Mother if I could read the part for him, I was old enough to feel sorry for the girl, and I guess my sympathy showed. Anyway, I got the part.

"All the time 'Blue Denim' ran—and it ran fairly long, it was very real to me. More real, maybe, than my own life, which went on much as it always had. Mother and my brother Danny and I would have a late bite after the theater, and I'd sleep late the next morning. Sundays, whenever it was possible, I'd dash off to Winthrop, Mass., to see my grandparents. My grandmother—she's Mrs. Lillian Felch—and I are amazingly alike—half New England yankee, and high strung. Danny and I lived with her one year and spend every summer there. Winthrop is like a second home.

After a while, I felt I really understood what the girl was going through in that play. It's funny, to understand love you can take the kinds of love you know yourself—for anyone, a friend, a parent—and this can help you build a bridge toward understanding things you've never known—and hope you never will. This is what happened to me in 'Blue Denim.'

"Maybe 'Blue Denim' is one of the reasons I've only just begun to date and why I don't think about romance. Young dating certainly has its hazards, and I guess the main ones are that, too often, kids are miserable because they have no social poise, no conversation and feel awkward; they think they'll always feel that way. Then, if they do get along with each other and think they're in love, they sort of clutch at each other and go too far. Then they don't know how to handle the situation—I'm sure I wouldn't. I think maybe—yes, I think 'Blue Denim' scared me a little, and I don't believe that's wrong. Kids *should* be scared of getting out over their heads.

"So far, I've been lucky. I don't believe, for example, in parking and it's never come up. If it did, I'd say, very soon, 'Let's go home,' but I've never had to say it. A girl establishes, by her conversation and conduct, what she is and how she wants to be treated, I think. The girl with too much make-up, the too-tight dress, the too-sophisticated manner of talking, is inviting trouble. So is the girl who drinks. I'm no Carrie Nation and I'm not waging any campaign against drinking. Let everyone live his own way. But to my way of thinking, alcohol dulls the senses, it isn't healthy and it's something you could easily become dependent upon. So I'm very anti-alcohol. And I'm anti-cigarette, also. Frankly. this is a matter of health with me. I've smoked an occasional cigarette, but that's all. If I ever dated a boy who drank, I'd never date him again. It's foolish to take chances on running into an unpleasant situation.

"The object of dating is to have fun and good companionship. I want the boys I date to be my friends, and I think it wouldn't be a good idea to go out with anyone unless you knew him fairly well—and he knew you. As for going steady, I think that's fine for the older teens, but not for the earlier teens. People who are planning to get married should certainly see each other as much as possible, but settling for just one person and learning to get along with that person—that takes some maturity.

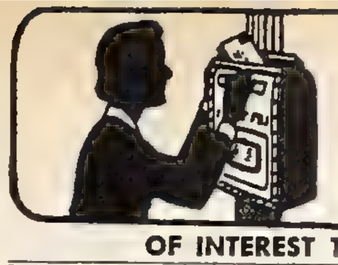
"So does marriage. I've been looking forward to it all my life. But marriage certainly isn't for the very young. Young people are still growing and changing. They change so much that, in a few years, they may not be the same people!

I keep reading and hearing about kids' problems with necking. I know very little about that. I just haven't gone in for it. And again I've been lucky. That's something I haven't had to struggle with. There are goodnight kisses and goodnight kisses! I've said no, and the boy has asked for other dates—he didn't get angry. There's no reason at all for a goodnight kiss unless you have a feeling for the boy, and if you have a feeling, you must also exercise taste. A goodnight kiss can be that or it can be the prelude, I should think, to a lot more. I think boys respect girls who handle themselves like ladies. They may *want* to neck, but they respect a girl's attitude. Of course, she has to be tactful—boys are often just as sensitive and shy about these things as girls are.

"As a rule I'm frank, to the point of being blunt, and I have had to be tactful, especially about a boy's driving. In New York, most of my dates have been in the daytime. I like that, wandering about, just walking. But out here in California, everyone drives and I have to admit their driving scares me. I have to sit in the death seat (that's what we call the seat next to the driver), and I sit there and die a thousand times. Probably because I'm driving now myself, I'm even more aware of the danger. I'm scared of cars, not for the parking problem, but the driving problem!

"I think it's up to the girl to try to control that problem. Actually, I guess it's really up to the girl to control any problem on a date. The way she acts is what makes the boy decide what kind of a good time he'll try to have. . . . At least that's what I've found." —ARLENE JOHNSON

WATCH FOR CAROL IN 20TH CENTURY-FOX'S "THE HOUND DOG MAN" AND "BLUE DENIM."



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KAY KENDALL

Continued from page 47

to the bed. He then leaned over and touched Kay Kendall Harrison's wrist with experienced fingers. Very carefully, he raised one eyelid and looked into the sightless eye below. Then he said gently, "I'm sorry. She's unconscious now."

Rex Harrison stared at him. "Will she come out of it?"

Slowly, the doctor shook his head. "I don't know. I don't think so. I'm sorry."

The tall man seemed to sway for a moment. "It's too soon," he muttered. "Oh, God, it's too soon . . ."

The doctor touched the nurse's arm and motioned to the door. After a moment he followed her out into the hall. The nurse stood near the half-opened door, looking through it to where Rex Harrison stood motionless, head down, beside the bed. "Poor chap," the nurse said compassionately. "What a terrible shock."

"Not a shock," the doctor said evenly. "He's known for three years."

"Three years?" the nurse repeated. Her light English voice rose with surprise. "But they've only been married two."

The doctor nodded. His gaze moved away from the door, past the nurse, down the corridors of the London Clinic. "You are watching," he said, "the end of something very rare . . ."

Something very rare, something very precious . . . those were the words people used about Kay and Rex Harrison, right from the beginning. They used them knowing only half the story, and yet, they were right. For if their love had been less rare, less precious, it could not have been at all.

To begin with, they had no right to fall in love. Rex Harrison was married and a father when he met Kay. True, his marriage had been on the rocks for years. He and Lili Palmer, the diminutive Viennese actress, were separated and each had been dating others but, still, he was a married man. And as for Kay, marriage had no place at all in her life. Her parents had been divorced when she was a child. She had never known a home or a girlfriend or a school—not for more than a week at a time—and ever since she'd been able to get away with lying about her age, she'd knocked about England in third-rate variety shows, trying to convince people a girl could be good-looking and funny simultaneously. Her show business friends called her "scatty Katie" and she lived, she was fond of saying, "like a champagne bottle." Love and marriage? She'd be a worse failure at them than she'd been in her first big movie. That one, "London Town," had been a real catastrophe. And yet . . .

There was no getting away from it. From the moment they met, on the set of "The Constant Husband," there was something electric between Rex Harrison and Kay Kendall. Within hours of their meeting, sparks were flying.

"Good heavens," Rex complained, "that creature is as tall as I am! It's like trying to make love to the Tower of London!"

"So you want to know what I think of Rex Harrison?" Kay inquired sweetly of a reporter. "I think he's a terrible snob, pompous, overbearing, terribly conceited—" she paused, considered, and finished honestly, "and a most marvelous actor."

It should have ended with that, but it couldn't They scorched each other with sarcasm. People on the set took to listening in on their verbal duels—and laughing. The barbs got sharper and the laughter got louder—until one day, Kay and Rex laughed, too. Laughter became their trademark. It was as if, finally, a curtain had fallen on everything dreary, everything sordid in their lives—as if, together, they could see only the colorful, the bright, the hilarious.

They had been enemies before they were friends, and friends before they were lovers. And suddenly, they wanted nothing in the world except to be man and wife.

"I'll get a divorce," Rex promised. "But it will take time."

"I'll wait."

"You won't be the first Mrs. Harrison. Not even the second."

"I'll be the last," she said. "That's all that counts."

She was twenty-nine years old when she said that, young and beautiful. She had never been ill, never known fear, even when the bombs fell and the sound of gunfire echoed only yards from the improvised stage on which she had entertained English troops during World War II. It seemed to both Rex and Kay that they had forever before them, that their laughter would follow them through the dozens and dozens of years to come, that their love would conquer everything.

They knew nothing of the hidden enemy—stronger than their laughter, older than their love—waiting for them.

Rex set about getting his divorce. It did take time. Weeks stretched into months and the months became two years. They didn't like it, but they didn't worry. "Rex has taught me not to worry about anything," Kay told a reporter. "But I knew that already. He fell in love with me because I can't take anything too seriously. It's the only way . . ."

So she really didn't take it too seriously when she caught a cold one night, waiting for Rex outside the New York theater, where he was starring in "My Fair Lady." "It's nothing," she protested. "I don't have to see a doctor."

"Oh, yes, you do." Rex told her. "We're going to a veddy, veddy important party next week, and if you think I intend to be seen with a runny-nosed, bleary-eyed, sniffling, coughing, virus-ridden . . ."

"All right," she laughed. "All right . . ."

So she went to the doctor. That night over dinner, she told Rex about her day, shopping with her good friend, Eva Gabor, a luncheon interview. "—And the reporter asked about us again, Rex. I suppose if I were sensible, I'd look blank and say, 'Who?' At least till the divorce is official. But I can't seem to manage that. . . ."

"What *did* you say?"

"Well, I drew myself up—did you know I'm five-foot-ten when I draw myself up?—and I said, 'Frankly, I've been seeing Rex for nearly three years now, and I have yet to get through an interview without being asked about him. It's getting so I can't stand the sight of a columnist!' "

"Excellent," Rex approved. "Excellent. And what else did you do today?"

"Oh, I saw the doctor." Kay paused, her hand still holding a fork halfway to her lips. "You know, he gave me an awfully thorough examination for just a little cold. All sorts of things, like punching me in the stomach, looking for swollen glands . . ."

"Well, there are all these new viruses going around."

"I suppose," Kay said, relieved. "Anyway, he wants me to come back. He's going to stick a needle into me, I gathered."

"Tell him to make it a strong one," Rex said. "Boniest woman I ever met, that's you. . . ."

There was nothing they could not dissolve in laughter, they thought: the sting of an injection, the long wait till they could be married, anything at all.

Until the day, weeks later, when Rex called his answering service and found a message from Kay's doctor.

"He asked you to call for an appointment at your earliest convenience. And Mr. Harrison . . ."

"Yes?"

"He said to tell you not to mention it to Miss Kendall."

It was the beginning of the end. It was the cold, hard, cruel fact that would not dissolve in laughter—or in tears. It was the beginning of fear, the end of joy. It was the knowledge that Rex Harrison took with him that day when he left the doctor's office, carried with him all that night as he walked through the suddenly meaningless actions of his role on the stage, as he stood dumbly, listening to the laughter of an audience, believing he himself would never laugh again. It was the agony he wrestled with after the show, when he walked alone through the streets of New York, or sat slumped over an untasted cup of coffee in an all-night diner.

"Forever after" had become a few short years.

Kay Kendall had leukemia.

The night stretched on. The streets of

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New York were silent, but voices echoed around Rex Harrison's head. The doctor's voice, gentle, pitying:

"We know almost nothing about leukemia, except that it is usually fatal. A disease of the bone marrow . . . a form of cancer . . . I've taken samples of Miss Kendall's bone marrow. There is no doubt . . ."

His own voice, hoarse with fear. "Tell me what to do. I'll do anything."

"There is nothing to do."

"Medication?"

"There is no medication."

"Treatment?"

"There is no treatment."

"There must be. There must be. Doctor, I have money. I can afford the best sanitarium, anywhere in the world. Tell me where to go. Give me hope."

With infinite sadness: "There is no hope."

There is no hope.

"There has to be," he cried out. But the silent streets gave him no answer. On a stoop in front of a tenement house, Rex Harrison sank to his knees and wept.

The doctor had offered him a choice—a simple choice. "You can tell her the truth," he had said. "You can tell her and make what's left of her life a hell. You can drag her from one doctor to another, looking for cures, fighting a heartbreaking, futile fight. Or you can keep it from her. You can simply make her happy.

"It's a kind of disease in its way. It comes without pain, without fever. It does its work in silence while the victim goes his way, knowing nothing. Occasionally, there's a feeling of tiredness, sometimes anemia; a tendency to bruise easily and unexplained bleeding, but nothing that can't be fixed up temporarily. There will be no certain illness, no certain pain."

"Only—death," said Rex bitterly. "But how long—?"

And again, the doctor had shaken his head. "Some live two years, or four, or six—or even as long as twelve. Some die in that many months. Nothing is certain."

Only death.

When he rose at last to go home, Rex Harrison had accepted his new double life. A life of careful lies and hidden despair, where all laughter would have a secret core of tears. A life based on two principals alone:

Kay would be happy.

Kay would not know.

And the new life began. On the surface, it ran much as the old one had, and even that was agony to Rex Harrison. For it meant that he left her alone, night after night, to play *Professor Higgins* in "My Fair Lady." Sometimes, he could barely apply his stage make-up, his hand shook so.

Before it had been a joke; they were apart so many hours they couldn't possibly get tired of each other. Now, it was no joke. It was a tragic farce which had to be played; there was no way for Rex to drop his huge success, walk out on his contract and his stardom, without telling Kay the truth. But Kay would not know. Kay would be happy.

The long-delayed divorce wasn't funny any longer. Rex phoned his lawyer: "Can't you hurry it up?"

"There are complications. These things take time."

"I haven't *got* time!" he cried.

Kay, watching him, was puzzled. "Darling, we've waited so long; we can wait a little longer."

"No—I don't want to wait. You might—"

"Might what?"

He blinked. "Might leave me for another man."

"Who me? Old scatty Katie? Where would I find one tall enough? Or old enough? I'm thirty-one now, you know—my best years are already behind me."

"Thirty-one," he repeated, looking at her. "Thirty-one years old."

In June of that year, the divorce came through at last. They were married on the twenty-first of that month, in the All Faiths Universalist Church at Central Park West and 76th Street in New York. Kay wore a simple shirtwaist dress. Her groom blinked down at her through horn-rimmed glasses. It was very quiet and very simple.

"Until death do you part," the minister said.

Until death do us part . . .

They sailed for London when Rex's contract was finally up. Kay was famous by then: First for "Genevieve," then "Les Girls," an international triumph for her. Producers, who once had told her, "You're too tall, you're not pretty, you can't act and you photograph badly," now begged for her. Watching the offers pour in, Rex was afraid. They had always planned that Kay would work after their marriage; their careers were tremendously important to them both. If a good offer for a Hollywood movie came through, she would surely want to take it, though Rex would have to stay in England for the British production of "My Fair Lady." After all, why not? They had forever, didn't they? So he listened with a sinking heart, when Kay told him she was being sought for a new movie, "The Girl Friend."

"It's a very attractive offer."

"What are you going to tell them?" he asked.

"Why, yes, of course—if they meet my terms."

"And what are your terms?" he asked lightly. "A chauffeured Cadillac, like in 'Les Girls'? A percentage?"

She laughed. "Nothing so simple. Just—they'll have to make it here in England." Then she looked at him, and the laughter stopped. "Why, Rex. You didn't think I'd go away and leave you, did you? I'll never leave you," she said.

The following January, they were both free of work for a while. "What do you want to do?" he asked.

"Oh, anything. Nothing. It really doesn't matter."

"Kay, you're not feeling ill, are you? Tired?"

"Of course not," she said. "Only content."

He smiled at her. But he had already made up his mind that they would go to Switzerland. That was the healthiest country in the world, people said. People with tuberculosis went there to be cured, people with practically anything. Of course, according to the doctor, climate wouldn't affect Kay's bone marrow; wouldn't alter by one moment the spread of her cancer.

But it couldn't hurt, could it, to go to a place where miraculous cures happen daily?

So they went to Switzerland. And in their hotel room one night, she woke up crying. "I have a pain, Rex. I have a pain . . ."

"Don't move," he said. She lay still and even through the blur of pain, she knew she had never seen a man move so quickly, act so fast. Within minutes, it seemed, she was out of the hotel and into a hospital in St. Moritz, with a troop of doctors standing beside her bed. There was the sting of a needle, and then, at last, sleep.

When she woke up, the pain was gone, and Rex was there. If his voice trembled a little, she was too weak to notice.

"Hello," he said. "You gave us quite a scare for nothing."

"What—what's wrong with me?"

"Nothing," he repeated. "Just a pain. You'll be coming home in a few days."



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"But—" Kay started to protest.

"Now, darling, I don't know the technical terms. It was nothing. You're all right."

"All right," she agreed sleepily. Her eyes closed. "Doesn't matter, anyhow. I'm fine . . . as long as . . . you're here. . . ."

The newspapers were told that it was a "possible case of peritonitis." In a few days, Kay left the hospital.

Then a new year, 1958, began. The days went by. Rex watched his wife living through them, one by one, unafraid, unknowing. Each day she survived seemed a miracle, a blessing.

And yet—each was one day less to live.

He began to watch her even more closely. "Kay, what's that mark on your elbow?"

"Oh that? I banged it yesterday."

He peered at the black-and-blue spot. *A tendency to bruise,* he remembered.

The months crept by.

Another movie offer, too good to pass up, came to Kay. "Once More With Feeling," to be made with Yul Brynner in Paris.

"Shall I take it, darling?" she asked.

"Do you want to? Would you rather go off on a trip with me—or anything?"

She shook her head. "Guess I'd rather work than anything."

They went to Paris, and this time it was Rex who waited while the precious moments went by, and they were apart.

When she had been working more than a month, Kay began to cough. "Dry throat," she apologized to Rex. "I've strained it in the shouting scenes, I suppose."

"I suppose," he said. He went to the sound stage with her that day and watched. Did she seem tired? Were her movements slower than usual? Did she sit down between takes more often?

"It's a funny thing," she complained on the way home, that night. "My gums seem to be bleeding a lot."

His fingers tightened hard on the steering wheel. *Let me know, the doctor had said, if there's any unusual bleeding. . . .*

He drove the car with effort. "I was just thinking—this throat of yours isn't getting better. Maybe we should see a doctor."

It's only three years, he thought. *It's only three years. It couldn't happen so soon . . .*

A week later, she had pneumonia. Rex made arrangements for the trip back to London.

"But I don't feel as if I have pneumonia," Kay protested. "And there are only six days left of shooting. . . ."

"You'll finish them later."

"Of course I will." She smiled brightly at him, at the worried men from the studio. "I'll be back in no time to finish up. You can even start looking for another script. Nothing but death'll keep me from making another movie."

On May 31, she checked into one of the world's most expensive private hospitals, the London Clinic. A newspaper reported that she was "very seriously ill, and under drugs." Reporters called Rex.

"It started as tonsillitis," he said. "Now it's pneumonia. But she's on the mend already."

On June first, another newsman called the hospital. "Any news on Kay Kendall?"

A bright voice assured him that Miss Kendall was smiling and cheerful.

"Good," the reporter said. "Who are her doctors?"

Several had been called in, the voice informed him. She gave the names. Among them was Dr. R. Bodley Scott. The newsman hung up, studied his notes, and then stared off into space. "Scott?" he muttered. "Isn't he a blood specialist?"

The afternoon papers carried the report that Kay Kendall was in graver condition than anyone suspected. On June fourth, Rex Harrison, haggard and worn, saw the papers for the first time in days. "It isn't true," he said. "Tell them to print that. She has no 'serious blood condition.' I'm taking her out of the Clinic and home, today."

He was no longer lying only for Kay. Nor for the anxious, inquiring world. He was lying, now, for himself.

For the truth was this, and he knew it:

He was taking her home to die.

They were together that summer as few people have ever been. All job offers were turned down. They existed only for each other and their love. Friends, unknowing, wondered. "Aren't you bored?" they asked Kay. "Don't you want to get out a bit more? Go back to work?"

She stood in her living room, thinner and paler than ever, but with eyes that shone. "A year ago," she said, "a writer asked me what I wanted to do, and I said to him: 'I don't want to do anything but be with Rex. I've had too many years of rushing around from hotel to hotel and town to town and waking up alone in the morning. I've had too many hundreds of years of being by myself.'" She laughed. "This has been the happiest summer of my life. I think I'll spend my next hundred years this way."

Early in September she began to bleed again. They brought her back to the Clinic on a stretcher, and the apparatus for blood transfusion was set up by her bed. Life-giving blood, that could not possibly give her life. She never left the hospital.

On September sixth, she was dead. They buried her in Hampstead Churchyard in the Actors' Corner, and over her grave, they told at last the story of her last years of life, of the burden her husband had carried alone, of the love they had shared. The crowds watched Rex Harrison walk away slowly, and they pitied him. "He fought for her to live," they said, "and he lost."

But they were wrong. Rex Harrison had not spent three years fighting a hopeless battle against an inevitable death. He had struggled to fulfill the vows he had made on that dark night, when he and pain walked together through the streets of New York.

"She will not know," he had sworn.

And she had not known.

"She will be happy," he promised.

And the years of slow death had been the happiest of her short life.

Together, they had known a rare love, a precious love. They had nurtured it and kept it alive.

A love like that never dies.

He had won. THE END

MILLIE PERKINS

Continued from page 64

was where she'd finally find love . . .

Later that day, as she ran across the studio lot to have her first stills taken, she felt even more bewildered. "Bring six changes," the voice on the telephone had said, and Millie'd laughed nervously to herself. Since she'd just arrived on the Coast that morning, she didn't *have* six changes. So she was going, dressed just as she'd been on the train that morning—in her white blouse, her favorite ribbed wool socks, and a loose-fitting green corduroy jacket.

It was a clear gray day with a gentle wind and a hint of rain, that made her think wistfully of home in Fairlawn, New Jersey. On a day like this, she would lean out of her bedroom window and see the birch and maple trees, the Chinese fruit trees, and watch the breeze ruffling the branches. There was always so much going on at home, she thought nostalgically, and she was always a part of it. She remembered how her sisters—Janet, Christine, Anne Marie, and Cathy—were always cooking and sewing, how someone was always at the phone or the piano. She remembered, with affection, all the excitement when Papa, who was a first mate with the Bull Lines, came home from sea—all of them rushing to welcome him.

But the sky was higher here, there was no scent of fruit, and she was running between great square cream-colored concrete barns she'd been told were sound stages. Hollywood! And she was alone for the first time in her life.

"Hi, Millie! Been to wardrobe already? You look pretty good in those Anne Frank clothes!" It was George Stevens Jr., the associate producer, a nice-looking fellow with a friendly smile, who'd hailed her and was now falling into step beside her.

She smiled impishly at him. "These aren't Anne's clothes, they're mine. They're the kind I always wore in New York."

He looked at her in surprise. "But you were a top model, Millie!"

"That doesn't mean I wore fancy clothes. The photographers were only interested in my face." It was only an accident she'd been a model anyway, she remembered. A friend of Christine's had taken some pictures of her one night, and sent them to a modeling agency. And from then on, she'd been one of New York's busiest models. "I didn't like modeling too much," she went on, beginning to feel very much at home with George. "It was too hectic. I need some quiet"—she tried to explain—"I like to know who I am."

"And you've come to Hollywood!"

The exclamation hung in the air.

"I must stop in make-up," she said softly, running away from George Stevens Jr., who belonged here and wasn't a bit afraid.

She edged into the room so quietly, no one heard her

"Hello, Mr. Nye," she blurted out, climbing quickly into the high leather chair as if she were about to have a tooth pulled. Ben Nye, the make-up man, studied her for a moment. Dark hair pulled back and tucked out of the way, enormous gray-green eyes, thick black lashes, and a small, pink mouth.

She eyed herself uncertainly in the mirror. *If he tries to make me look glamorous, I'll just look silly,* she thought in dismay.

But she was relieved at the appearance of director George Stevens in the mirror beside her. A big man with a quiet voice; he made her feel at ease. "She looks just fine, Ben," Mr. Stevens said. "We picked Millie, in the first place, because she looks like a fourteen-year-old girl." Then, turning to her, he said, "Leave your hair down for the cocktail party, Millie. When we start rehearsing, we can try it both ways."

The cocktail party! She didn't know how she'd get through it. She stood there next to Mr. Stevens. He had invited all the press to meet her. And what on earth could she ever say to them?

The press began asking questions. She found the first question easy. "No, I'm not at all sure I want to stay in Hollywood. In fact, I'm not at all sure I want to be an actress." Everyone laughed. This disturbed her. She wondered whether she should have said it.

March: I'll never be able to act, Millie

thought despairingly. She virtually lived on the set these days.

"You have expressive hands, Millie, wonderful hands," Joseph Schildkraut told her one morning. The great Schildkraut! she thought. And for the next few days she was so self-conscious of her hands, that she didn't use them at all but held both arms awkwardly straight at her sides.

Ed Wynn helped. He'd take her and Diane Baker and Dick Beymer aside and tell them stories, funny stories, while Nina Foch talked of such mysterious new things as calisthenics, relaxation, and control. "Control, technique," she would say in her beautiful voice, "is what frees the little angel in each actor to express freely." But Millie would only feel all the more lost and bewildered and answer: "But I'm not an actress."

"Every girl is an actress," Director Stevens would tell her. "She's just got to loosen up and perform."

So she'd try. But after long, hard hours of rehearsal, she'd cry, exasperated, "I can't even get across the room without bumping into a chair. I'm just a *catastrophe.*"

"You're not fat enough to be a catastrophe," Stevens would answer genially.

But still the feeling persisted. She felt like a scared little girl when she started the scene with Dick Beymer—the one in which she was to ask him if he'd ever been kissed. But she was surprised. The scene wasn't so hard. She could understand the part . . after all she was a teenager herself and she'd dreamed about romance just as every girl did. She relaxed a little more, too, when she found Dick Beymer was almost as scared as she was.

The day George Stevens took the crew in to watch the rushes, she'd been in agony, wishing that she could do each scene over again! She'd sat unhappily through the discussion of the scenes. Then she'd walked away from the projection room fast, eager to get home and get away from it all.

"Hi, Garbo," George Jr. called out, slowing down his car and opening the door. "Come on, I'll take you home."

She slid into the front seat, fighting back tears.

"You're coming along, you know," he said sincerely. "Really beginning to unfold."

She looked at him gratefully. He'd been such a good friend to her. He makes me forget all my problems, she thought.

April: I'm so lonesome and homesick, Millie thought achingly. It was a Wednesday evening in early April, and she'd curled up in a big chair with "The Sea Around Us." Her hair was in curlers and she still had cream on her face and her dinner was cooking in the kitchen. But she couldn't put Anne Frank out of her mind.

It's the old problem again, she said to herself. She knew that she wasn't a good actress yet. Director Stevens had been patient. He was saving the big scenes, she knew that, waiting for her to grow to them. But would she be able to? There was one scene she'd dreaded most of all—one with Ed Wynn—where, because of her hate and resentment toward him, she had to fight and to cry. Hardest of all, it was to cry. She had tried it so often, but the tears wouldn't come. Should she try it again?

She got up and got the script from her bedroom. A letter from her father fell out from between the pages. Slowly, she picked it up and sat down again, re-reading the words for the dozenth time.

"Millie, if you can't eat a great deal, at least sleep," Papa'd written worriedly. These were the first letters she'd ever received just for herself from Papa. Always before, he'd written to Mama, with a line or so to each child. But now he was writing to her as if she were all grown-up.

He'd tell her how the stevedores were so interested in her career, bringing him the news items they'd find in the papers, and that he'd seen her picture in a magazine in the Honduras. And always news of the family that she was so hungry for. News about Janet and the four children in Georgia and about Christine's marriage and about how delighted Anne Marie was about expecting a baby. He'd write that Cathy wondered how it felt to be a movie star. And he'd tell her that Jimmie was going around pretending that he wasn't a bit impressed that his sister Millie was acting in a movie—even though he was secretly so proud of her.

Suddenly the doorbell rang, interrupting her thoughts.

"Who in the world knows where I live?" she said half-aloud. Then, seeing her face in the mirror, she realized she still had the curlers in her hair and the cream on her face. She couldn't answer the door looking like this. But the bell rang again. She had no time to fix up.

"Millie, we want your autograph," they chorused—a dozen teenagers, bubbling with good spirits.

"How about a picture, Millie?" one ponytailed, blonde girl asked her, holding up a camera.

"Looking like this?" she gasped, pointing to the curlers. They laughed, too, at this. She wrote her name in each book, and with choruses of goodbyes, they left her.

Closing the door, she leaned against it. They'd asked her for her autograph. They thought she was somebody. They believed in her. She couldn't let them down now.

Settling down in the chair again, with the script-book in front of her, she thought, They'll never know how much they've helped me. Then, through eyes misted with tears, she started to read again, the beginning words of the scene.

And the next day, she played the scene almost easily. George Stevens told her she was fine, so did Joseph Schildkraut, and Nina Foch said, "Why don't you come home to my apartment for dinner? I feel like spending the evening with a few people I especially like."

Millie started to shake her head. The only times she *really* wanted to go out, was when nobody asked her, and she was all by herself at home. But then she caught a look of disappointment in Nina's face, and she said, "I'd love to."

It was a very small, spur-of-the-moment supper party, but still Millie felt a little awkward, a little shy. She ate, and a moment later she couldn't have told herself what she'd eaten. Then, after dinner, a boy she'd noticed across the room, came over to her and smiled. "Hello," he said, "I'm Dean Stockwell."

"I'm Millie Perkins."

"I know." His voice was very soft, very low.

Why, I think he's shy, she thought, looking at him and wondering why. Because, certainly, he was very handsome. She had recognized him—he was a "little person," as she called someone without pretentions, someone simple and open and direct—and almost as quiet as she herself was. I *like* him, she decided, I really do.

But then the party was over and the night was over and she was back at work on the set, working as hard as she knew how to get Anne just right—to *be* Anne. She almost forgot about the quiet, dark boy she'd met the night before.

But he hadn't forgotten her. She was washing her hair under the faucet, when she thought she heard the phone ring. Why does the phone *always* ring at times

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like this? she wondered, as she lifted her head to listen. It was the phone, all right.

Wrapping a towel around her hair—with the shampoo still in it—she walked over and picked up the receiver. "Hello?" she said.

"Hello! Isn't it a lovely day? I thought you mightn't be home at first, when you didn't answer right off. This is Dean Stockwell."

"Oh." She didn't know what to say, and so neither one of them said anything for some moments.

Then: "Would you like to go for a drive?"

"A drive? Why—why, I think I'd like that," she said. "But you'd better not come for an hour or so. I can't be ready till then." And she added quickly, "I've just washed my hair, you see," so that he wouldn't think she was one of those girls who primped and everything.

And so they drove off into the Hollywood hills, looking for signs of spring. It was a lovely afternoon. It was the first time Millie had really been happy in Hollywood, and after she was home alone again, she wondered why she'd been so happy.

Maybe it's because he's so quiet, so nice. Or maybe it's because music seems to be one of the biggest things in his life; music and books and nature. Then, looking at herself in the mirror, she smiled. Maybe it's because he's like me, she admitted, and she smiled even more.

May: "I'll always be a nobody," Millie thought in anguish. Standing in a dark spot just off the sound stage, she patted cologne on her hot forehead, rubbed hand cream on her perspiring palms.

"Millie! Millie Perkins!" They were calling her. It was time to shoot the scene again. She hurried toward the tiny lighted set in the middle of the vast dark sound stage. She caught herself tripping over one of the big cables coiled on the floor. She was *always* stumbling over something. But today more than ever. Today she had to do the scene with Ed Wynn that she'd been dreading for so long. They'd run through it a dozen times already. She'd been dull, flat, wooden each time.

"Ho ho, Millie. You know why they called Anne *frank*?" Ed Wynn chuckled, helping her through the light-stands that edged the set.

"Don't start joking," she implored him. "That's all I need. I'll die!"

"A little joke is good. Did you ever hear the one about . . ."

He cocked his head so comically, she laughed before he'd even reached the punch-line. Then he told another and she forgot her stomach pangs.

"Ready?" George Stevens asked. He settled down in his chair, the tips of his fingers together. Millie and Ed Wynn were still laughing as they took their places in the small space.

In that instant, Ed Wynn's face changed. He started arguing with her. She heard, she argued back, answering him, forgetting herself, forgetting the problems of acting. She was fighting against a difficult, critical adult, for the right to be happy. Tears rushed suddenly over her little face. She cried; she sobbed.

Then the scene was over. She saw the pleased look on Director Stevens' face. She saw George Jr. was winking and nodding. Good heavens—acting was just like life. How simple! You just had to react to someone!

She ran to Ed Wynn and kissed him. "You are the loveliest man I've ever met in my whole life," she cried.

"You see, you stopped being unhappy, you stopped worrying. You were unhappy for nothing." He lowered his voice and said seriously. "Never waste time on unhappiness, little Millie. There is no time for it."

Dancing in her excitement, she ran to George Jr. and joined him for the coffee break. "You see, Millie, you're actually enjoying it now," he said teasingly.

He was right, Millie realized. She loved acting!

That wasn't all she loved. She loved life. She loved Hollywood. And she loved being with Dean. They'd dated constantly ever since they'd met. In fact, Millie told herself one day, I guess I'm going *steady*. Neither she nor Dean had dated anyone else since Nina's party. I'm so glad I went, she thought.

Then she stopped still in the middle of the street. What if I *hadn't* gone? But she wouldn't even face that horrible thought. She was on her way to pick up some bread for sandwiches. Dean was taking her to Malibu pier to fish.

On the other side of them was a young couple just about their age. They were surrounded by their children—five stairsteps—one of them in a lunch basket. Millie looked at the couple and their children, and then at Dean. "I think it's wonderful," she whispered. "They seem so happy—but—"

"But *you* wouldn't be happy that way?"

"Oh, I would! But not so soon, not now," she said softly.

And, as softly, he answered, "I know." He took her hand, giving it a gentle squeeze.

She looked at him again. He *does* know, she thought, and somehow his knowing made her happier than she'd ever thought she could be.

June: "I'm not really shy at all," Millie thought. She and Dick Beymer had just finished rehearsing the last scene. Often before, they'd heard the green police wagon come shrieking through the streets, coming closer and closer, then passing. . . . They were safe again. This time, she and Dick had stood close together, hearing it shriek closer and closer. And somehow they'd known that this time it wouldn't pass. Without a word, they'd held each other very close, promising to wait forever. . . .

Everyone on the set was crying. Millie looked around her in surprise—she'd forgotten herself. She'd done all these emotional scenes in front of all these people. She remembered how, in high school, she'd wanted so badly to try out for the school play—but try out in front of all those kids?

Later, over coffee, she told Dean about it. "I guess my biggest problem has been that I love life—and that I was barricading myself against it because I was so scared and frightened. And now, from acting, I've discovered I'm not scared any more."

He leaned over and grinned at her. "Going to be an actress, Millie?"

Going to be an actress? Yes, she was. She was going to learn as much as they could teach her. That's why she'd let Dean take her to Robert Blake's workshop. But now she felt like running away again. Standing there, watching the director bring out all the talented young people in that long room, she felt she didn't belong. And, after all, Dean had been an actor since he was a child, and he'd just come from a stage production of "Compulsion." He—and nearly everyone else in that room—were professionals with years of training behind them.

Then, Sandra Knight, Millie's new roommate, and she started working on a skit together. As soon as they started, Millie was all right again. She forgot her fears and started to live the part as she'd been doing on Anne Frank. I *do* belong, she thought gladly. I'm an actress too.

She looked over at Dean. He was smiling. He looked so proud of her. And she sat down quickly. Why, I'm in love, she thought, realizing for the first time why she was so happy.

After class, she and Dean went for coffee with all the other kids, but she scarcely heard them. She noticed that Dean seemed far away, too, and when she walked out of the coffee shop with him, she discovered why.

"Millie," he said, turning and looking into her eyes, "has it happened to you, too?"

She didn't have to ask what he meant. "Yes," she whispered.

"Forever?" he asked.

"Forever," she told him. And she knew from that moment on, that it would be, even though he didn't give her the plain platinum ring—with two leaves encircling a single diamond—until two months later in August, when she came home from a month of publicizing "Anne Frank" in Europe, even though they didn't announce their engagement until September.

"We'll be married in June if you like," Dean said, looking down at her. "I know girls are supposed to like that month best of all."

Millie smiled. "Any month would be the best month, but June will be just fine." Then, suddenly, she was crying.

Dean bent down, trying to comfort her. "Millie—what did I do? What did I say?"

Shaking her head, she whispered, "Nothing, nothing. It's just that I'm so happy, it scares me . . ."

For a moment she stood there looking up at him. And just as suddenly as she started to cry, she began to smile. There was nothing to be scared about. Everything was going to be wonderful. She just knew it! THE END

MILLIE'S IN 20TH'S "THE DIARY OF ANNE FRANK." DEAN'S IN 20TH'S "SONS AND LOVERS."

be sure to get the next issue

PHOTOPLAY

on sale Dec. 3

JAMES DARREN

Continued from page 35

said, maybe recalling his despondent mood over the break-up of his first marriage to his childhood sweetheart, Gloria Terlitsky, "isn't only love. It's a lot of other things besides.

"Evy and I have discussed all this to make sure we're doing the right thing by marrying now. We don't want to outgrow our love. Evy doesn't want a second marriage. She wants ours to last. So do I. But I feel what we have can last. Maybe I ought to start from the beginning. I've never told anyone this story. All sorts of things have been written about us but *this* is the way it all really happened.

"About a year ago we were both taking drama classes on the Columbia lot, and all we had was a nodding acquaintance. We used to do exercises in class, like trying to be a tree or a duck or a snail.

"But one day the teacher wanted each of us to get up in front of the class and tell our life story. Evy was one of the first to be called on, and she walked up to the front of the classroom and tried to tell us her story, but she was flustered. She couldn't finish it. I could tell she was shy about talking about herself, and I had a lot of sympathy for her. Evy didn't speak the language easily then, and some of the kids in class were impatient and started fussing around in their seats. This made me feel worse. I looked up at her and smiled. At the end of the class, I went up and, just to take her mind off things, I asked her if she liked sports cars.

"She didn't speak, but she nodded yes. It was as if the cat had her tongue. Her eyes were bright and warm, but there was a sadness about them, and I remember thinking how beautiful they were.

"I took her out to the parking lot and showed her my black Porsche. She liked it. I asked her if she would have lunch with me, and she smiled and said okay.

"We drove to a roadside place called Les, The Corn Beef King's. I couldn't eat anything they had on the menu because I'm on this health-food kick, but Evy had a sandwich and some milk, while I swallowed vitamins and protein pills. She started to laugh when she saw me taking my pills. 'What kind of nourishment is that?' she asked, and I was happy I had gotten her out of her mood. Every time I took a pill, she laughed. So I overdid the pill bit, I guess, because I loved her laugh. It was so low and easy. And I remember wishing I could hear her laughter all day long. There was such a soft, happy sound to it.

"I wasn't lonely," Jim confessed. "I had been separated for almost half a year and had become used to living alone in a rented room. But I was alone, and it was nice to find good company. I'd hoped to save my marriage, and every morning I'd go to visit my son, Jimmy, to talk with him and make him feel secure with my love.

"But I have to admit Evy's light laugh charmed me, and I wondered, 'What's she *really* like? Is she as feminine and as sweet as she seems?'

"After lunch, I drove her to her English class with Mrs. Burrows, and before I left her I managed to say, 'Gee, Evy, since you like sports cars a lot, maybe you'd like to go for a ride some afternoon?' And she nodded her head and whispered, 'Okay!'

"I walked her to the classroom door and we said goodbye, but I kept wishing I could say something more. I just didn't want to leave her, to be alone again. But I couldn't think of anything so I started to walk away. I was late for my singing class. I must have walked ten or fifteen feet, when, all of a sudden I got up my gumption and I rushed back and said, 'Hey, Evy, how'd you like to take a ride after class?'

"She wouldn't be finished until four-thirty, she said, and wasn't that too long for me to wait?

"I didn't mind waiting, I told her. So we agreed to meet for the ride.

"Maybe it was because I had a premonition of something wonderful happening that I sang very well that day, and my vocal coach raved. Still, I couldn't really concentrate on my music.

"At four-thirty I was at her classroom door, waiting, but the teacher had kept her overtime. Finally, at five o'clock, Mrs. Burrows dismissed her, and Evy came out. We walked over to the parking lot."

They drove all over Hollywood and its outskirts. Evy asked him to stop by a dime store which was open late so that she could buy a scarf to protect her hair from the wind.

"It's funny, but I can't remember where we drove. I was so fascinated with her face and the way her warm brown eyes lit up when she smiled and that easy, friendly laugh of hers which is so soft it sounds like a murmur.

"We talked a lot about ourselves. Evy told me her dad was an architect in Copenhagen, and that her full name was Evy Norlund Larsen, which the studio asked her to shorten. And I told her I was Jimmy Ercolani from an Italian neighborhood in Philadelphia. She said she came from a family of six children, and I said I had only a younger brother, Johnny.

"Evy told me how much she missed cooking. The girls weren't permitted to cook at the Studio Club, where she stayed, and one thing she was dying to fix was fried chicken, her favorite.

"We talked about things we liked and didn't like. We both were sent by pop music, especially Frank Sinatra's and Johnny Mathis', and we both approved of medium-rare steaks and cheesecake for dessert. We found out we were crazy about swimming and tennis and reading poetry, particularly the poems of Kahlil Gibran.

"I don't think either of us realized so much time was passing—because something had happened between us. There was something about the way our eyes looked at each other. I know mine were like a magnet. I couldn't take them off Evy, and I had a hard time keeping them on the road.

"In all honesty, I don't think I was out looking for love. I'd been very depressed about my marriage being on the rocks, and this was the first time my spirits had picked up."

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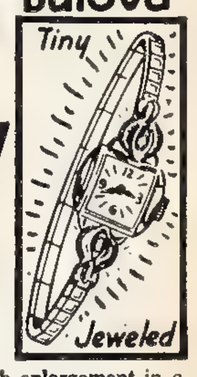


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ALL-TIME BEAUTIES

Continued from page 60

incongruous to her other features, yet making for a beauty; a face more lovely in repose than smiling, so lovely one ignored any possible defect of figure."

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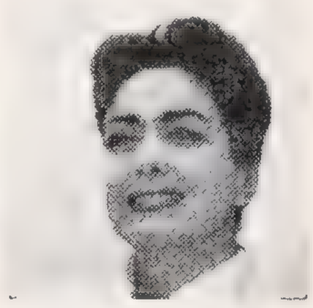
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SUMMING UP: Surprisingly, to have great beauty a woman does not seem to need perfection, a voluptuous figure or even a beautiful face. She needs most a willingness to work at and accent the qualities she possesses. Over the years the qualities of serenity, simplicity and style seem to wear best, lasting the longest and stimulating the one quality that every great beauty seemed to have—an aura of mystery, of surprise. THE END

RUNNERS UP:



Jean Harlow



Joan Crawford



Irene Dunne



Rita Hayworth



Lana Turner



Audrey Hepburn

of Hollywood, Jim asked Evy if she'd like to go to the beach and listen to the ocean. So he drove to Cabrillo, where the two of them sat on a rocky ledge and took off their shoes and let their feet dangle in the water.

"It was twilight," Jim continued, "and there was a purplish glow over the sea; it made me feel so good to be alive. I just couldn't help telling Evy that she was somebody special, and she said I was very nice to give her comfort and encouragement after class.

"She confessed she had been very lonesome for her folks in Copenhagen. She loved Hollywood, but it was so far away from home.

"We seemed to need each other that day, and maybe that's how love begins. Out of need. Not out of attraction. For a while we didn't say anything, and we both felt comfortable being silent. We watched the waves tossing and the dark night coming on over the sea.

"When it got chilly, I realized we should go home. So I drove Evy back to the Studio Club—Kim Novak stayed there when she first came out west from Chicago. We sat outside the Studio Club in my car and talked about tomorrow. I just hated to leave. Finally, after we said good night, I drove off.

"When I got home to my furnished room, I realized it was eleven o'clock and we hadn't eaten. I'd forgotten about asking Evy to dinner. It may sound crazy, but I wasn't hungry. I wondered if she was hungry. I'd apologize to her tomorrow, I decided."

The next day Jim told Evy he'd forgotten completely about dinner, but Evy told him she didn't miss it at all and that for some reason she wasn't hungry, either. That noontime they lunched again at Les, The Corn Beef King's, and Evy ordered a corn beef sandwich and milk. Jim finally broke down and ordered a bacon sandwich on toast and a salad.

"I asked Evy if she'd have dinner with me that evening, so I could make up for my goof, and she suggested we eat at the Studio Club; the girls were all allowed to have a guest at dinner. So I said okay. The food turned out to be disappointing—girl portions. Evy ate it all, as though she enjoyed it. In Europe they have a greater appreciation of food than we do. We've never suffered here the way they did during the war. I've noticed since that Evy always cleans her plate because, when she was young, food was scarce in Denmark and she's never taken it for granted, not even while she's been living here."

The next night Jim asked Evy to dine with him at the Aware Inn—a health-food place—where lots of the young stars like Johnny Saxon, Vicki Thal, Tab Hunter, Gardner McKay go. They ordered beef Stroganoff, which is now one of their favorite dishes.

"Afterwards we drove around again and we listened to the car radio, and, just by accident I guess, we kept hearing the song 'Imagination,' over and over again.

"We decided it would be our song. And I sang it all night long to Evy. The words are pretty. It starts off . . .

Imagination is funny.
It makes a cloudy day sunny,
Makes a bee think of honey,
Just as I think of you . . .

"Later we drove to the Cabrillo beach and sat on our rocky ledge again, and we took off our shoes and splashed our feet in the water. I couldn't hold myself back that night. There was something about the stars in the sky and the sea breezes blowing and Evy by my side that made me feel like a king. So I put my arms around her and kissed her. I told her she had become very important to me. She smiled.

"Those next few weeks passed like minutes. It's kookie, isn't it, what nutty things people talk about when they're in love. Now that I think back on it, I guess lovers sometimes just don't make sense. We decided the tiny scars we had on our thumbs, from kitchen knives, meant we were destined to be together. We compared our palms. We decided we were both telepathic—that was a joke, of course. Sometimes we'd be riding along in the Porsche and the two of us would start singing the same song. I'd pull up the car to the side of the road and put my arms around her and tell her we were on the same wave length. She'd laugh that soft, low laugh of hers and I'd get goosebumps all over me.

"One Saturday afternoon, when we were walking through town, I remember I had a strong feeling of falling deeply in love with Evy. I'm sure I had fallen in love with her long before, but suddenly, as we passed a blind person on the street, she looked at me with such sadness. I dropped a quarter in the blind man's cup. But Evy, after a couple minutes, rushed back and gave him a dollar. She just knew he needed help, she said.

"The way she was concerned about the blind man made my heart jump, out of love for her, because she's got so much love for the world. I knew then, my love wasn't a sometime thing for Evy. It was deep, bottomless."

"How do two people who are in love decide they are ready for marriage?" I asked Jim.

"It just kind of happened," Jim answered. "We didn't go together with marriage in mind. But, after a while, when we couldn't stop seeing each other, I knew we would have to talk about marriage.

"When Evy had her appendectomy at the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital, I nearly went wild. I didn't want her suffering alone, without her parents. I was there before the hospital opened its doors at nine in the morning and I left each night at midnight. We talked about marriage then. A lot. Evy told me she doesn't want marriage to hurt my career. She knew how broken up I was over my first marriage. But life doesn't stand still. It moves on.

"I understand my former wife Gloria's found herself a new love, which makes me happy because I want Gloria to have a full, rich life. But when Gloria and I married, we were kids. We were too young for the responsibilities of marriage. We were children playing house.

"I like to think I've grown up since then. Heartbreak, painful as it is, makes a person stop and think. And I don't want Evy and me to outgrow our love. This is why we've gone together for a year, to see how we feel about each other. I've kept our dating a secret because I didn't think it was fair to Evy to make an announcement about it until we were sure of ourselves. After all, I'm divorced and she isn't, and I want to protect her from any gossipy rumors. So that's why I waited until we were sure of each other and our love before I told our story to you.

"Remember when I said marriage isn't only based on love? I've learned, through my own tragic failure, that marriage should be based on a lot of other things: respect and understanding and kindness. Evy and I see eye-to-eye on all these things, so I know we're doing the right thing by taking the next step—marriage.

"Don't you agree, now that you know our story?" THE END

SEE JIMMY DARREN IN COLUMBIA'S "THE GENE KRUPA STORY" AND "ALL THE YOUNG MEN." AND LISTEN TO JIMMY SING ON THE COLPIX LABEL.

GALE STORM

Continued from page 49

She did her own housework, made all her own clothes and the children's clothes, belonged to half-a-dozen community activities and did her own baking and all the canning. She was well-groomed and pretty enough to get a job modeling, it said, and, with all this, she also managed to "slip into" a pretty dress every evening when her husband got home from work.

I slowed down my reading for a moment because things seemed too quiet. Then I remembered Susanna. Without thinking, I said, "Drink your milk. . . . That's a girl," I coaxed, without missing a word in the text. Then it dawned on me that Susanna had gone off with Lee to get the meat for the barbecue we planned that evening.

Telling children to drink their milk can become an involuntary habit for a mother, I guess. Just recently, during a luncheon interview, right in the middle of cutting into my pork chop, I said to the writer, "Drink your milk! It's good for you."

"Huh?" the interviewer asked.

Apologetically, I rushed on to explain that after sixteen years of eating three meals a day with children, this is an occupational habit.

I noticed that the mother in the article didn't have any such habits. I stopped reading, when she said she was proud she never had to reprimand any of her six children. In fact, she explained that she had never even once had to raise her voice to them.

Suddenly I got a sinking feeling. I knew it was true; I did raise my voice—often. I had the urge, right then and there, to write an article in defense of us other mothers and all we have to take.

It's not that I'm not in favor of children. I am. I have four of them: Phillip, age 16, Peter, 13, Paul, 12, and Susanna, 3.

They've already learned to live with me—being younger and more adaptable. I'm just learning to live with them.

I used to think, all you had to do to understand children, was put yourself in their position—having once been a child yourself. Sixteen years later, I now know: This doesn't work. Somehow, it seems, children have changed. Or maybe mothers have.

I was sixteen—almost the same age as Phillip—when I met Lee, and the day I met him, I made up my mind I was going to marry him. We were both in Hollywood as contestants in the "Gateway to Hollywood" competition. RKO had created two names, Terry Belmont and Gale Storm, and the contest was to select a boy and a girl to fit the names. The winners would be given a movie contract.

I had come all the way from Houston, Texas, and can remember standing in the middle of one of the huge sound-stages, sort of looking around at all the hundreds of hopefuls, when I noticed a tall, dark-haired, good-looking boy chatting with a group of pretty and rather sophisticated girls. At least, that's what they seemed to me at sixteen. I heard him say he was from South Bend, Indiana. I tried to catch his attention, but he wasn't interested. Not only was I sure that day I was going to marry him, but I was sure he was going to win the contest.

As the weeks went by, I got to meet him and act with him. I didn't know which was making me work harder: the chance to become Gale Storm, the movie star, or Mrs. Lee Bonnell—that was his name. In the beginning, becoming a star looked easier, for even though I was attentive, the nearest Lee came to showing me affection, was to pat me on the head, smile down and tell me, "You remind me of my fourteen-year-old sister back home!"

Well, *both* Lee and I won our contests, got our contracts *and* fell in love. I raced home to tell my mother the good news, but when she heard that I wanted to get married, she put her foot down. "Being a movie star is wonderful," she said, "but, being married before you finish high school, won't do."

Lee took the delay good-naturedly (he was all of eighteen) and said, "We can get to know each other much better." We did.

I knew Lee was the right one for me and, when I was seventeen, we were married. Before the ceremony, we shopped for the right church to be married in and chose the Hollywood Beverly Christian Church, where we still go as a family today.

I was so scared. I remember standing at the back of the church, waiting for the wedding march, and suddenly, when the organ began, I started to cry. My bridesmaid gave me some tissues, but I couldn't stop. The organist played the wedding march through again, as everyone tried to stop my tears with cold compresses, and before I knew what happened, someone pushed me and I started down the aisle—with tissues under my bouquet.

All the way down the aisle, I sobbed. I couldn't stop. The minister was so panicked, that he rushed through the ceremony at record speed. Lee kept leaning over and saying, "It's nervousness. You'll feel better." But three days later, when I was still crying, Lee began to wonder.

I tried to explain I was just happy.

I can't say I was more mature and better prepared for motherhood. Before I was married, I wanted four children—I was the youngest of five children and I liked a large family—but when I found out I was pregnant, all I could think was, "I'm too young to have a baby. How will I know what to do?"

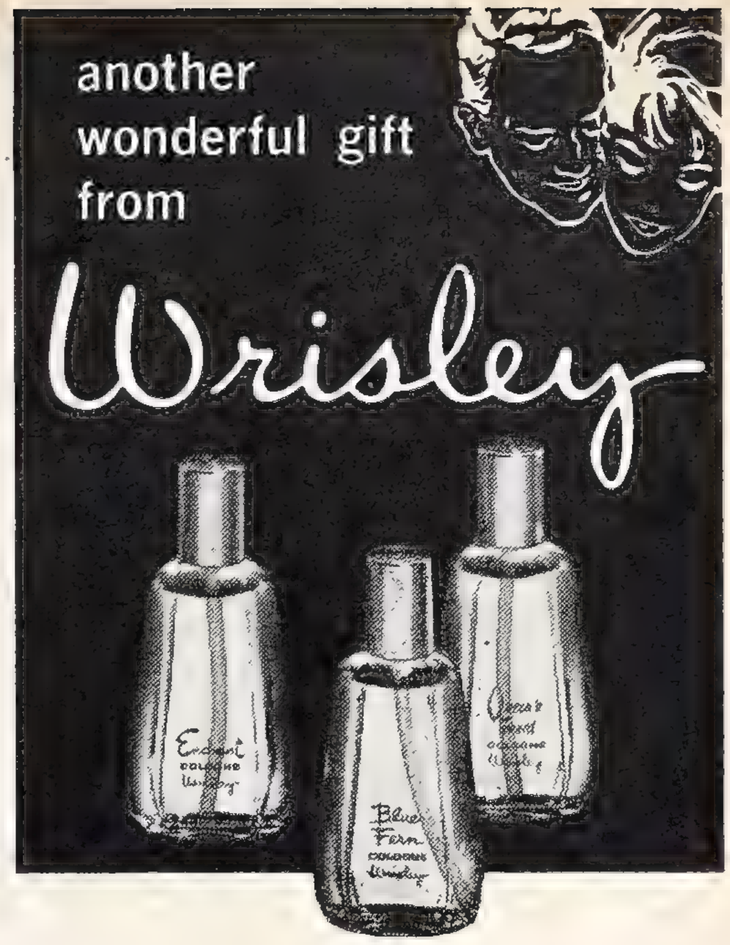
Looking back, I realize I didn't even know what a mother *was!* Now I do.

A mother is an automatic dishwasher, a chauffeur and nursemaid, a soft shoulder to lean on and a comfortable lap to climb into. She's a broken record that chants Drink your milk, Pick up your clothes, and Go to bed. She's always in a hurry, out of money, under pressure and on a diet! She's a den mother, a room mother, a Sunday sermon come to life. She preaches what she believes, and practices what she preaches—except about her age. She's a shopper, a pants-presser, a cookie-maker. In other words, she's a handy little gadget. At least, that's the way it seems to her.

But to a sixteen-year-old son, she's just plain exasperating.

I have been a den mother, a Sunday-school teacher, a hot-dog salesman at Little League games, and a ballplayer when there's no one else around. *And* I've never said I know anything about basketball. When my boys started playing, I thought I should take an interest, so I went out in the backyard to watch them. I was at a loss to know what they were doing, but I was enthusiastic just the same. I felt somehow I should be.

"Let's go, gang," I coached. "Come on." And as each of the boys bounced the ball past me, I'd either whack him enthusiastically on the back, or verbally kindle his morale. This went on for about half a strenuous hour, till they took a break. Then Phillip came over to me and took me off to a secluded spot. Putting his hand fatherly-like around my shoulder, he shook his head a little, then said, "I don't know how to begin, Mom, but gee,



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you've got to grow up. You can't go on acting like a kid . . . you seem *so immature!*" My athletic contribution is now limited to knitting white *sports* socks.

Lee and I have learned to give the boys their independence. Mother's place is in the home. The boys have an outdoor recreation room out in the back, where their friends can come and go. Music is piped in—and the place really belongs to the kids. One night we were looking at TV, but the din out of that back house drowned out even the station breaks. I just covered my ears and hoped for the best. But Lee, I could tell, was wondering what the ruckus was all about. I watched him get up, put on a sweater and mumble something about, "I'll be right back." He was in in a few minutes with kind of a sheepish smile. "I forgot," he said, "it's their house."

And so here begins and ends all discussions about growing up with one's children. You can't; that's the final answer. For they're already convinced they've grown up past you!

Living with people who are children is an art. It also takes talent along with a working knowledge of Dr. Spock, Dr. Freud, Dr. Gisell and yourself.

I'm always astonished when, after Lee has explained a detailed and complex insurance transaction, one of the boys will answer, "Boy, I see why you did that, Dad." I don't expect them to think—at least about our adult problems. But we've learned they do, and so several times a year, Lee and I and the children sit down and try to see just exactly in what direction we're all headed—individually and collectively as a family.

If the kids are doing some things which seem to be taking them off in the wrong direction—or a less desirable one—we try to change. We do this around the dinner table. Our minister, Dr. Cleveland Kleihauer, told Lee and me that the time a child—or anyone else, for that matter—is most responsive, is at the dinner hour around the dinner table. This is one of the few times during the day when the whole family is together and parents make the deepest impression on their children. We've been doing this since the kids were young. Sometimes a few grievances get aired, too. This started accidentally with Peter and Paul, when they were much younger.

"Pass the potatoes to Paul," I told Peter one evening, while I tossed the greens and tomato salad.

"I can't," Peter answered.

"Why not?" I asked, unaware of a pressing family cold war.

"'Cause I'm not looking at him today," Peter answered.

"He took my baseball bat," Paul suddenly interrupted. "He won't give it back . . ."

"He told—" And then it seemed ten, instead of two, little boys' voices were raised accusingly across the mashed potatoes, increasing in pitch, oblivious to table manners.

"Hey, hey, wait a minute," Lee finally came in stronger. "Let's have some quiet—and some mashed potatoes."

Then Lee hit upon his plan. "Paul," he said, "you pretend that you are Peter and Peter, you are Paul. Now, instead of arguing for yourself, you must argue each other's case."

"Well," Peter began, "I took—I mean, Paul has this baseball bat that he isn't using . . ."

We've found this reversal of arguing works. It's even responsible for some charitable penalties.

Talking about penalties, mixed in with a sound religious education, family exercise, proper diet and geometry, we add a little discipline. It's funny, but the better you discipline your children, it seems, the more they are certain you love them. Of course, you'd better be right.

I remember one time, when the boys were small, Lee came home from work and, as he opened the door to our newly-painted house, he let out a "Who did that?" There, all over the wall in crayon, were scribbles and houses and weird little people.

"Well," he said, turning around to the boys, "who did it? If Mom and I have told you once, we've told you a hundred times, use your crayon paper for drawing."

Both Peter and Paul stood there, digging their toes deeper into the carpet, but neither of them would confess. Phillip managed to mumble, "I wouldn't . . ."

When nobody came forward, Lee threatened to punish all three. He did. All three were spanked. Later, I discovered that a neighbor's child had done it. What could we do? We told the boys, and Lee bent over and let the fellows give him one whack each.

"For once," I told the boys, "remember, I was neutral."

I could have gone on remembering—the article had started me thinking—but I heard the car drive in and the rustle of grocery bags and the kitchen door slam, and then the soft pat-pat of sneakered feet.

"Hiii, Mommy!" a soft feminine voice, coming from low near the ground, said. It was Susanna. "May I come up?" she asked, already holding onto the hammock, trying to roll herself into it.

I lifted her up and squeezed her around her middle, knowing that she would giggle as she always did. This was our private joke. Only we knew that Susanna was ticklish. "Don't tell Paul I'm ticklish," she would caution me.

"What'd you do?" It was my turn to ask a question, and she had her answer, all prepared, knowing that this, too, was part of our secret.

"We bought milk and got Peter . . ." she began, and then she stopped. A leaf had fallen into my hair. Reaching up, she picked it out—carefully—so as not to pull any hairs. Satisfied, she patted the stray hairs down and snuggled up to me. "Let's sing 'Jesus Loves Me,'" she suggested. And we did, softly, as we swung peacefully in the hammock, safe and happy.

When we finished, she looked up at me with her candid eyes. "Mommy," she asked, "know what?" and she waited until I said, "No, what?"

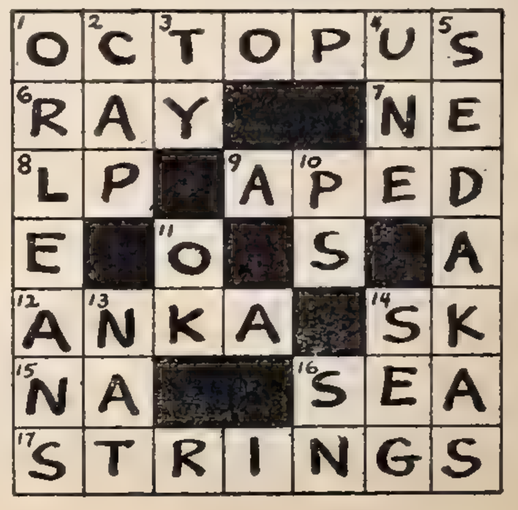
"Mommy," she said, "I love you." And then, "Can I grow up to be a Mommy, too?"

It was the nicest compliment I'd ever received. And before I knew it, I had forgotten all about that magazine article.

THE END

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ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLE



PAJAMA PARTY

Continued from page 53

ruffles, and was I glad I had the camera.

Pretty soon, operations shifted to the kitchen, and what a mess we made of all those carefully prepared platters—that is, everyone but me. I'm on a diet. As I watched Connie pile away three chicken legs in a row, I wondered how she ever keeps her cute shape with an appetite like that.

Later came the Inner Sanctum Hour, and we all stretched out in a row on the living-room floor to listen to scary stories. Only two lamps glowed on the floor at either side of the couch (the tables for them to stand on hadn't been delivered yet), so it was just the right atmosphere, as Pidgeon began reading "The Tale of the Four Greedy Brothers," who land up getting buried alive in the brick wall of their own wine cellar. Just when the last brick was about to be laid, the most hideous moaning broke out from somewhere outside in the night, and I dropped that heavy camera right smack on Pidgeon's head.

She let out a shriek, and that started it. We all got the screaming meemies and scrambled under our blankets as we heard the front door burst open. Heavy feet stomped toward us, and a masculine voice shouted, "No one there but you chickens?"

Out popped a familiar head. "No one here but us Belmonts!" Dion mocked.

"*Boys!*" was all the answer he got, and then it was war. I mean, literally. Pillows flew back and forth and made an absolute hash of the whole room, but I managed to salvage the camera before the last Charge of the Pajama Brigade drove the Belmonts clear out on the stoop.

When the door was safely locked behind them, we dragged back to the parlor with a bad case of battle fatigue, to discuss the retreat of the Belmonts. Naturally, when we'd calmed down a bit, it turned out none of us was exactly one hundred per cent happy over the victory!

After we got our second wind, we all trooped up to Connie's room to fiddle around with make-up and curlers and to talk about you-know-who. In the middle of her bed lay the family mongrel, Mambo, peacefully wheezing.

"Get your cotton-pickin' paws off that purple taffeta this minute!" Connie ordered. Mambo looked so sheepish, I came out with a kind of hysterical trill of a giggle, and all of a sudden every girl in the room was looking at me.

"Bella!" said Connie. "That's the first real comment you've made all night!"

Well, it was almost true, because I guess maybe it takes me a little longer than most people to really let myself go. But by then I felt as though all seven of us (not just Connie and I) had known each other since kindergarten, and I began to feel sort of nostalgic. As we got busy making ourselves beautiful, I flopped down on the spot Mambo had vacated, hoisting my feet up on the headboard, and Connie made for my toes with some gold nail-polish.

"Remember back in school," I suddenly laughed. "Remember how you and I both liked a certain someone, and we wouldn't talk to each other for a whole week?"

"Dunnie Bratson!" Connie whooped, spilling gold all over my feet. It was seeping down my leg and onto the purple bedspread, but we were both holding our stomachs with laughter, not caring, and before we knew it, we'd blurted out exactly the same words, in perfect unison:

"Wasn't he a *creep*?"

After that, the party disintegrated into—what else?—man talk!

There's something wonderfully *basic* about pajamas. —ISABEL MARZIGLIAN

LISTEN AND LOVE IT: CONNIE'S NEWEST ALBUM, "MY THANKS TO YOU," ON M-G-M RECORDS. DION AND THE BELMONTS RECORD FOR LAURIE.

TY HARDIN

Continued from page 67

She just laughed and said, "Off to work with you!" But when he left, she hastily telephoned for an appointment with the doctor. "Do you think you can make a definite diagnosis now?" she asked.

He replied that he'd suggested that she return about this time, but Andra, not one to be too much concerned about herself, hadn't remembered the exact date of the appointment.

When Ty returned that evening, she greeted him at the door of their apartment. There was a radiance about her that is given only to mothers-to-be. Ty thought she looked unusually beautiful.

"Hello, daddy," she said.

Ty looked perplexed, wrinkling his forehead. She had never called him *that* before. Then he recalled his remark of the morning.

"Aw, stop kidding," and he gave her a bear hug.

Andra looked up at him. Their eyes met and held.

"You *are* going to be a father," Andra said gently, then gayly added, "You're always right!"

They celebrated that evening with a gala little dinner in the dining room of their apartment. There were pink candles and soft music from the record player in the living room, and Andra served Ty his favorite meal—steak. After dinner, he helped her with the dishes, and they spent the remainder of the evening discussing the baby and planning for the future. They were in love and they were going to have a baby and they were the happiest people in the world. That night they stayed up till after three, talking and laughing and sitting close to each other. But then Andra said suddenly, "I'm hungry, darling."

"What?" He laughed. "After all that steak? Your cravings are starting already."

"Do we have any strawberries?" she asked softly.

"Frozen ones," he said. "Want me to defrost them?"

She nodded. "If you run them under hot water they don't take so long."

"Okay. One dish of hot strawberries coming up," he said, going off into the kitchen. When he came back in a few minutes and handed her the dish of strawberries, he was grinning.

"What is it?" she asked, spooning strawberries into her mouth.

"I've got a name for the baby," he told her softly. "If it's a boy, I'd like to call him John Richard Hardin. How do you like it?"

She considered it a long time; then she nodded. "I rather like it, Ty. It has a good sound."

"John is for your father and Richard's for Rick Sanders, of course. After all, we ought to ask him to be the godfather—if he can tear himself away from contracting long enough!"

"Oh, he'll manage to," she smiled. But then she grew serious again. "Where will we put the baby when he comes, darling? I think the apartment's too small really. Do you think we can afford a house now?"

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Suddenly, she laughed. "We may *have* to," she said. "What if it's twins?"

"Twins!" he yelped, jumping up from the couch. But then he sat down and began to smile about it. "Say, wouldn't that be great! What does the doctor say?"

"It's too soon to tell yet."

Ty squeezed her hand. "Well, if it can't be twins, then I hope it's a girl. Then when we have a boy, he'll have a big sister to look after him. Having an older sister would make a boy more understanding about women, I think. Then, too, an older sister would give a boy an added feeling of security, don't you agree?"

"Sure," Andra said, but she knew he wasn't thinking about that really. "I never really knew my father," she remembered his saying, and she saw again the lost, hurt look on his face.

Now he said, "Our children are going to have a home—a *real* home."

"Yes," she told him.

"It's not going to be like it was when I was growing up." For some moments he didn't say anything, and then he turned back to her and took her hands in his. He had come from a broken home.

He had never forgotten the day his mom had told him she couldn't keep his brother and him any longer. They'd been living in a small but tidy place in Houston, Texas—the three of them—Ty and his brother and their mom. Like all the other kids, they'd gone to school mornings and come home to hot chocolate and cookies in the afternoons. And like other brothers, they'd had their fights and their making-ups, and some days, when they were good, Mom took them to the movies to watch the cowboys beat the daylights out of the Indians. The cowboys won every single time. How come? they'd ask her on the way home. They were like other kids . . . with only one difference. They didn't have a father. His mother had told them, one day, that she had gotten what was called a "divorce," and so Ty and his brother learned to play catch from the other boys, and had to learn about a lot of other things by themselves, too. But that didn't really matter. Not much, anyway.

What mattered was the day his mother told him she couldn't keep him with her any more.

He simply stood there in the dimly lighted room, staring past her out the window at the rain slanting down against the town, and wondered if it was raining everywhere in the world at that moment. It seemed as if it ought to be.

"Did you hear me, Ty?" his mother asked softly. "I just can't make ends meet any more, even if I did get a raise in that secretarial job. I can't do it."

He swallowed before he dared to speak. Even so, his voice came out funny. "But what are we going to do?" he asked. "I mean, should I go to work, or what?"

Putting her apron on, she said, "Come on, help me with the dishes, Son, and we'll talk about it."

He washed and she dried. The warm, soapy water was soothing, somehow. The warmth of it, and the automatic dipping up and down of his hands, released his mind and let his thoughts race away, far from that moment, far from the sound of his mother's voice. She was saying, "No, I don't want you to go out and work, Ty. You're big for your age, but your mind's got to grow, too. No, I've got it all fixed so that you can go off to military school." She mentioned the name of it, and this brought him sharply back to face what she'd said.

"But that's so far away!" he objected. "When'll I see you?"

"There'll be vacations and such," she reminded him, but she would not meet his eyes. "And your brother will stay with your grandmother in Austin, and I'll just take a room somewhere, I guess."

He stared at her and then past her. "You'll be able to see him then, I guess," he said slowly. "Austin's not so far away that—"

"But you'll be home vacations like I told you," she said quickly.

He rinsed the last dish under the tap and started to set it in the rack. But he didn't make it. The dish slipped from his fingers and fell to the floor. He couldn't count the number of pieces it had broken into, nor did he care about it. Automatically, he leaned down and began picking up the pieces, but he felt better somehow. He was almost glad in a way that the plate had broken.

Soon after that, he'd gone away to military school. But he hadn't stayed very long. A couple of times he wrote his mother letters. In each of them he said, "I'm coming home." But he always got the same answer, "You've got to stay!"

He didn't though. He left school and found jobs washing dishes and slinging hash and even in one place grinding lenses for an optical firm. And all that time he didn't let his mother know where he was. Then one day, as suddenly as he'd dropped out of sight, he turned up again. In Houston, in his mother's office. And she cried and he cried, and then, when she'd kissed him and dried her tears, she said, "Come on—we're going to find an apartment."

"Can I stay now?" he'd asked.

"Sure, Son," she'd answered, "you can stay home now. I guess it's what you really want to do."

"I want our kids to know they have a home *all the time,*" he said quietly now.

How different her own home-life had been, Andra thought. She'd been raised on a farm in Rockford, Illinois. She'd gathered eggs and milked cows and wakened every morning to find new baby chicks, or a new calf, or some other miracle that had happened during the night. Her folks had been plain people—immigrants from Sweden—but there'd always been plenty of love to go around and there'd never been the slightest doubt in her mind that the farm was home for always and always . . .

Now she leaned closer to him, taking his face in her hands. "You'll be such a good daddy," she told him. "I just *know* you will, darling."

Looking at her soberly, he said nothing for so long that she didn't think he was going to answer. She yawned a little and rubbed her eyes. Then he smiled and said, "And you'll be a wonderful mommy. Now—where's that phone book? First thing tomorrow I'm going to call every real-estate agent in the book and tell them what we want." Then he stopped talking and blinked. "What *do* we want?" he asked.

But Andra had curled up on the couch. She was sound asleep. Gently, he covered her up with an afghan, and then he went into the bedroom and crawled into bed. Now *he* could get some sleep, too.

The next day, true to his word, Ty called every real-estate agent in the book. But they didn't find the house they wanted for quite a while. Dream houses, they discovered, don't grow on trees—not on palm trees, anyway. Every spare minute they had they were either talking about the baby, or talking about the house.

Mostly, they talked about it nights when Andra couldn't sleep, or couldn't decide exactly what it was she wanted to eat. "It'll have a big back yard," Ty would say, "big enough for the boy's Scout troop to have a barbecue—if he wants to belong to the Scouts, that is."

"And if it's a boy?" Andra chimed in. "It'll have a stereo sound system so that we can be anywhere—in the house or the yard—and hear him when he cries."

"He won't cry," she said. "He'll be a happy baby. And we'll paint the house Swedish red, with white trim."

Ty got out some paper and a pencil and began filling in the details of the exterior of the house. He marked *red* on the sides and *white* for the trim. Then he began drawing in bushes and flowers and little trees. "This is how we'll plant things," he said. "The greenery will tie the house to the ground, so to speak."

"Fine." Andra yawned a little. "I wonder if there's any English toffee left," she asked.

Absently, Ty rummaged through the box. "No. You ate the last piece an hour ago," he told her. "Now, the den'll be all in ox-blood leather. We'll have deep chairs in there for reading and television. And there'll be lots of bookcases. Maybe I'll build them. Oh, I forgot to tell you—we'll have a complete workshop for me, too. And I'll build a picnic table and ping-pong table for the back yard."

"Fine." She yawned again. Her eyes felt so heavy, but she forced them to stay open. "And the living room," she said, "will be all done in ivory, with a huge, blue couch in it. Then we'll have touches of crimson and ivory in the drapes and side chairs. I saw some in the paper today." Then she frowned. "Ooo," she said, holding her tummy.

"What's the matter?" Ty asked anxiously.

She shook her head. "I don't know—that ice cream you went out and got me a couple of hours ago maybe. Honey, would you mind getting me a glass of Pepto-Bismol?"

Pushing his feet into his slippers, he said, "Well, a quart of ice cream's a lot for anybody—even if they may be eating for three," and he walked sleepily toward the bathroom, rubbing his eyes.

Snuggling down into bed, Andra thought about it. What if it really was going to be twins? The doctor had said it might be. Twins . . . On that thought, she turned over and fell asleep.

The next thing she knew Ty was standing over her, yelling and holding his stomach. His face matched the red in his striped pajamas. "What's the matter?" she asked, trying to keep her eyes from closing again.

Pointing to the empty glass, he said, "I drank it!"

She wanted to laugh, but she was too sleepy. He'd probably stood there, looking down at her while she slept, holding the glass of Pepto-Bismol, and not knowing what to do with it. Finally, he'd drunk it himself!

Then he got into bed and turned out the light. In about fifty seconds he was snoring. But for some reason, Andra was now wide-awake. What is the funny thing called pregnancy? she asked herself, staring off into the darkness.

As she lay there, smiling into the darkened room, she started playing the game she'd been playing ever since she knew there would be a baby. She called the game "think-a-name" but she hadn't been able to think of a name, yet, for a little girl. She *has* to have a name, she told herself—that is, *if* she's a she—and it was at that moment that she thought of it: Trina Diana. It has such a fragile, feminine sound, she told herself. It's exactly right. And she woke up Ty to tell him.

But all he said was, "Mmph!" and turned over again.

Shortly after, they found *the* name for the girl—if it was a girl—they found *the* house—the dream-house. It was a plain, comfortable house on Toluca Lake in the Hollywood hills, not far from the studio. "It's ours!" Ty said, beaming at the real-estate agent. "It was just sitting here all the time we were looking for it, waiting for us to find it!" Andra agreed, jumping up and down.

"Take it easy now," Ty cautioned, putting his arm around her and pulling her to him.

But she was too excited to hear him. "All our early-American furniture will fit in perfectly," she said. "The dishes, the drapes—everything!"

"Oh—have you already got all your furnishings?" the real-estate agent asked.

Andra and Ty exchanged glances. "Well, not exactly," Ty said. "But it's all on paper!"

The agent looked puzzled. He plainly didn't understand. But to Andra and Ty it was simple. All they had to do was take a day or two and arrange for the furniture to be sent out to the house. They already knew exactly—down to the last teaspoon—what they wanted.

Actually, arranging for the furniture to be sent out took three days, instead of one or two. And then they settled down to being home owners and to waiting some more for the baby.

"The last months are the hardest," Andra told Ty.

"Does it hurt?" he asked, looking worried.

"No, no, it's not that. It's just that I'm getting impatient. I can't wait to see what she looks like."

"Or he—"

She frowned.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Kicking up again?" He placed his hand gently on her stomach.

"No. It's just a little pain in my back," she told him.

"Let me rub it for you. After all, who's the best osteopath you know?"

For a while they sat there on the blue couch, not saying anything much, just sort of dreaming. Then Ty said, "What does the doctor think now? Are we going to have twins—or just an awfully big baby?"

Andra smiled and shook her head. "He still doesn't know," she told him.

"Well, just you let old Doc Hardin give you his diagnosis. If there's only one heartbeat, it's one; if there's two heartbeats it's twins—"

Andra giggled. "If it's three heartbeats—"

"Whoa—hold on there," he laughed. "Now let Doc Hardin have a listen."

Pretending his ear was a stethoscope, he placed it on her tummy. "All I hear is gurgling," he said after a while. "Do you suppose it can talk already?"

She giggled again, but he went on listening. Then, when he straightened up, he shook his head. "What a shame—it's only one," he told her.

"Are you sure?"

"I'm afraid so," he said.

Then: "Oof!" she yelled.

"Aha! Kicking up a fuss again, is he?" He put his hand on her stomach and they both felt the strength of the child they had not yet seen. "He's a big one, all right," Ty said. "I sure like to feel him kick, honey. Say—do you think I'll have the barbecue finished before he arrives?"

She laughed. "He's not due yet, honey. I'm sure you'll finish it in time." Then, leaning against his shoulder, she whispered, "Oh, darling, I can't wait!"

Kissing her cheek and drawing her close, he said, "Neither can I. But wouldn't it be great if he came on Thanksgiving Day?"

"Any day," she said, "will be Thanksgiving Day. Any day at all." And they smiled at each other mistily. THE END

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SANDRA DEE

Continued from page 38

them, I thought, as I walked down the street to mail this letter . . . the same street where you used to play. I couldn't help looking up at the apartment building you lived in when you were a child—your father and his new family live there now. That is, Mr. Zuck—the man who fathered you, the man to whom you were born—lives there now.

I kept tripping on cracks in the sidewalk, as I walked along the street, craning my neck to look back at the building, preoccupied; remembering so many things about you, Sandra, and about your mother—before you were born—before she'd even met John Zuck. I kept on walking and walking and thinking and trying to understand why those things, that I knew must hurt you so much, had been said at all. It was cold and windy and I shoved my hands deep into my pockets and pulled up my coat collar, trying to get warm.

An hour later, I was still walking, still unable to understand the *why* of it all. I passed a woman wearing a fur coat and I smiled. It was a grey persian lamb like your mother used to wear when she was in her teens. Funny I should remember that coat—it was so long ago. Maybe it's because she was the only one in our crowd who had a fur coat, even though most of our families could have afforded it much better than her parents could. Only your mother's parents always did things like that for her and her sister, Olga. They always worked hard and gave their daughters the best they could. I don't know what your grandparents had to go without to buy that coat, but I do know how beautiful your mother looked in it.

We used to see each other at church socials, your mother and I. There was a whole group of us who grew up around the same neighborhood. We all met at the church dances and had a lot of fun. Your mother, Mary Cimboliak, was a typical teenager—only she was prettier than most, and there was something else that was different, too. People sensed it the minute she walked into the room. She had a sort of strength; I suppose that was because she was so religious. From the time she was only a little girl, she'd sung in the choir and sold tickets to church bazaars and gone to her priest when she was afraid or unhappy or troubled. Father Krehel, from the Russian Orthodox Church, always showed her the way.

At one of those church socials, a nice-looking boy, by the name of John Zuck, came over and asked Mary to dance. They danced almost every dance together that evening, and it was from that night on that they started seeing each other. They didn't call it going steady in those days, but that's what they were doing. Two years later, they were married, and in the natural course of things, a little girl was born to them. That was you, Sandra. I remember how we used to make a fuss, when your mother took you for a walk, pushing your baby carriage and having to stop every few feet, while the neighbors took turns peeking at you and telling Mary that you looked just like a little doll. And your mother would smile so proudly and say, "She's better—she's *real!*"

From the time you were little—I think you were only two—your maternal grandmother began taking care of you three evenings a week, when your mother had to get that job at the millinery shop. Mary would only take a night-time job, because it meant she didn't have to leave you during the day. I used to see her bringing you to her mother's house, just after dark, and then, minutes later, rushing out again and off down the street to her job. Always your grandmother, whom you call "Babki" (a Russian term of affection for grandmother), would watch over you and never be more than a few feet away from you as you slept.

Then, when your father went into the service, your mother took a second night-time job, working an additional three evenings a week for a doctor. But even when Mary worked six nights a week, she never left you until you were asleep, and always Babki or Mary's sister, your Aunt Olga, watched over you.

Even though your father was away during the week, your hours were so filled with love and care, that you didn't seem to know the difference. He was stationed in Maryland and was able to come home every weekend, which was convenient but also very expensive on a serviceman's pay; so your mother had to get still another job to help cover this expense, plus the other necessities. There were no free evenings left in her work schedule, except for Sunday, so she had to get a daytime job. Rev. Hubiak helped get her a position with a war relief agency. I remember this

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was a fun-time for you because Mary took you with her to the office. You were everybody's pet, so well behaved and adorable, playing secretary, helping to answer the phones—only your babyish voice gave away the fact that you weren't a regular member of the office staff!

A year and a half passed, and your father came home for good. You were only four, then, Sandra, and I don't know if you were fully aware of a difference in the relationship between your mother and father, but I do know that none of us had any idea what was going on; *I don't think anybody knew.* Mary tried to keep the problem within the four walls of your apartment during this period; I guess both she and John Zuck were trying to work things out, trying sincerely to hold their marriage together. I can imagine what your mother was going through. Their marriage lasted another year or so, probably because of her firm belief that divorce was terribly wrong, because of her deep religious upbringing in a family and a parish where divorce was unheard of.

Then she met Eugene Douvan through the pastor at church. She needed a new daytime job with certain hours, so that she would be able to take you to school in the mornings and be there to meet you when school was over early in the afternoon. Jobs like that weren't exactly easy to find but, when she discussed it with the priest, he told her he'd heard Mr. Douvan was opening a branch of his construction business in Bayonne, and was looking for help. He arranged an introduction for her.

Actually, although they'd never met, Mary had seen Mr. Douvan once the year before, when he'd come to Bayonne to attend a funeral and Mary had sung in the church choir at the services. But they hadn't been introduced until the following year, when Father Krehel brought them together at a church benefit affair. Mr. Douvan offered her a job, even after your mother explained that she couldn't be to work before nine-twenty, because she had to take her child to school, and that she could only work until early in the afternoon, because then it was time to pick her daughter up. He must have been impressed by her: so young and pretty, working so hard to help out, so devoted to her child. He agreed to the hours, and Mary went to work for him. By this time, her marriage to your father had reached the point of no return. You were a little more than five-years-old, when you and your mother moved in with Babki and Didi, your grandparents. First came the separation and then, the following year, in 1948, your mother filed for divorce. I don't know whether I read about it in the paper or heard it from someone, but I remember the day your mother was given custody of you, with your father to have visiting rights on Saturdays. He was also to pay ten dollars a week for your upkeep and expenses.

I was at your grandparents' house that first Saturday when your father came to take you out. You were all dressed up and I remember you couldn't understand exactly what the occasion was or why you had to go out and leave us. But, anyway, you sat in the big arm chair waiting for him, until he came and took you away. I was still there when he brought you back; you'd been to see his family. But those visits didn't go on for very long; I remember hearing that he stopped coming after the third or fourth Saturday. At first, you probably waited for him; all dressed up, standing by the window that looked out onto the street, so that you would know when he was coming. But finally when he didn't come—and didn't come—you didn't wait any more. He was gone, and soon it was almost as though he had never been. Still, your life was happy and full because of the love and care given you by your mother, your grandparents and your Aunt Olga. Mary continued working for Mr. Douvan because, although you probably didn't know it then, the ten-dollar payments had stopped, too, and your mother *had* to work to support you and herself.

I guess it was only natural that after a while, when your father didn't come any more, you began to forget him. He didn't come. He didn't call. There were no cards on Christmas or on your birthday. No one talked about him and soon, I suppose, you didn't think about him any more. Gradually, you forgot that life had ever been any different than it was, living with your mother at your grandparents' home.

A year passed. Your mother had been working for Eugene Douvan all this time, loving her work, for it was more than just a job—it was an opportunity for meeting exciting people and becoming wrapped up in the interesting world of business. But there was something more, too. She liked and admired Mr. Douvan, and they began seeing each other. For a whole year, they'd go out on a *seven*some. Mr. Douvan, your mother, you, your grandparents, your Aunt Olga and her steady beau. The following year, it tapered off to a *five*some, with you and your mom and Mr. Douvan and your aunt and her boyfriend. Slowly the friendship deepened, until one day, after Mary had known Eugene Douvan for three years. she realized she was in love, deeply in love, with him and would love him always. More than that, she knew he loved you, too, Sandra, and that you loved him. He loved you so much that he proposed to your mother in your presence and then even insisted you go along on their honeymoon to Atlantic City.

I remember that he and Mary used to make life like a game for you. Every Friday and Sunday were your special days, every Saturday was Mary's. On your special days, you got to choose what you wanted to do.

I'll never forget that Friday when I was shopping in Manhattan and saw you and your mother and Mr. Douvan strolling down Broadway hand in hand. Your smile was as wide as could be and I felt good inside, seeing the three of you so radiant. We stopped to chat. Your mother told me you had chosen to go to the movies that day, not just *one* movie, but as many as you could manage to fit in. You had already been to two shows when I bumped into you, and I could tell you were in a hurry to get to the next one. After we said goodbye, I stood and watched as the three of you went down the street, you in the middle, Sandra, not walking, but skipping—it was all your tall, handsome Daddy could do to keep up with you.

The years passed, but your mom and I always kept in touch by phone or by visiting each other occasionally. Always it was the same good news I heard—always about how happy and full your lives together were. Things like the time when you were thirteen and sick in bed and couldn't go to a school prom. It wasn't really a prom, just a dance, but you'd read the word prom, in a magazine, and had called it that. Only, of all times, you had to get sick—and with the measles no less! I heard that your daddy came into your room that night, and he and your mother stood by your bed and looked at their poor baby all covered with spots, and with eyes red and swollen from crying, because you were going to miss the dance. And they comforted you and then Eugene was able to bring a smile back on your face, when he promised you that, as soon

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as you were well, the three of you would have a special prom all of your own.

And you did. It was your first "prom" and you were wearing your first real formal, a billowy white dress with roses on the bodice. And your daddy had sent you a corsage of matching roses which you wore on your wrist. You and your parents went to the Waldorf Astoria and Eugene took turns dancing with his two special best girls, whirling your mother and then you around the huge ballroom, so glittering and colorful. It was the most exciting night of your life—or, at least, that's the way it looked to me, when I saw the picture in the silver frame that your mother has—the one with you standing at the edge of the dance floor, beaming up at your elegantly-attired daddy.

But, besides doing things for you, your daddy knew there was a time and place for discipline, for being strict, and you loved him so much that he had only to look at you when you did something wrong and you never did it again. When someone spotted you and you became a successful child model, no one was prouder or encouraged you more than Eugene Douvan.

Then came the day when Jo Mielziner, the famous theatrical set-designer and producer, spotted you in a coffee shop. He found out who you were, called you and asked you to try out for a part in "Happy Hunting," a musical he was putting on, starring Ethel Merman. You said you'd come to his office for the audition, but, at the last minute, you got cold feet and decided not to go. You told your father that since it was a musical and you couldn't sing, there was no use going. And Eugene Douvan looked at you sternly and said, "You go, Sandra. You have been given a great honor by even being asked to try out." Then he told you that there were hundreds of girls who were just dying for a chance to be seen and heard, but the opportunity had been handed to you. He told you that even if you went just to say thank you to the producers for having asked you, he would be very proud of you. But he insisted that you go.

You went. A few days later, I heard all about how, when it was your turn to audition, you just stood up in front of the room and started singing. You didn't have any material with you, but that didn't bother you. You just opened your mouth and sang the first tune that popped into your head. Then you sang three more and, since you didn't remember the words, you made up the lyrics as you went along.

When it was over, Mr. Mielziner told you how much he liked you and then, almost as an afterthought, he asked your age. When you told him you were thirteen, he just clapped his hand to his forehead, closed his eyes and then opened them, grinned and calmly explained that he had thought you were much older. Then he told you the part you were trying out for was the romantic lead opposite Fernando Lamas! You and your parents talked about it that night and, before you were done, they were hysterical with laughter because the thing that made you the happiest was the thought that someone had considered you glamorous enough to play opposite Mr. Lamas; to you that was triumph enough. But then, that evening, Mr. Mielziner called your mother and daddy to tell them that your youth was *his* loss. But that he knew some day you'd be a fine actress—a star—because you had a natural ability. And your mother told me that the glow of pride on your daddy's face that night could have made a darkened room light up.

Eugene Douvan never lived to see the prediction of your stardom come true. He never knew that you went out to Hollywood and became a star, because when you were fourteen, he entered a Washington, D. C. hospital for heart surgery, and never came home again. You and your mother hadn't realized there would be any danger of this happening, because you'd both felt that Eugene Douvan was indestructible. But, suddenly, he was dead—your daddy was dead. For the seven wonderful years that you had known him, he had always been there when you needed him. Then, all at once, he was gone.

I know how hard it was for you and your mother, how unbearable it was, at first, being without him. But then, somehow, somewhere, you got the strength to go on, perhaps because even in death he had left so much of himself behind—a wealth of memories, of love, and the knowledge that he wanted you always to try hard, to give the very best you had inside you. And because he taught you to hold your head high and have the courage to try—you did.

It was just a short time after your father died, that you were asked to come to Hollywood. At first this seemed impossible for you, but you went. You and your mother got on the plane and flew three thousand miles away to begin a whole new life—a life without your daddy. I know what gave you the strength to make that trip. You carried it with you when you got on the plane, just as your daddy had held it before his operation.

It was a crucifix and an icon that Peter Nicoliev—your daddy's best friend—had given to your daddy in the hospital. It had given your daddy comfort and peace as he faced the operation that lay ahead. It gave you comfort when you boarded the plane for the unknown life ahead. And, somehow, it always will—no matter what you have to face.

I thought about all these things, Sandra, as I walked along the streets, after mailing this letter to you. And I told myself that if John Zuck is a stranger to you and you to him, you cannot blame yourself. *No one* is to blame. If, whenever you think of the word daddy, you think of Eugene Douvan, don't feel it's wrong. After all, he gave you his love; he was always there when you needed him, right up to the day he died. No, Sandra, it's not wrong to go on thinking of him as your daddy because, you see, the words *daddy* and *father* have more than one meaning. They don't only mean the man who fathers a child, who actually gives a child life; they also mean the man who loves a child as his own, who cares for a child as a father might, who gives perhaps not the gift of life but the everlasting gift of love. Your daddy, Eugene Douvan, was such a man, Sandra. His memory is indestructible, and that is how it should be . . .

My love to you and your mother.

—ANNA ROSENKO

DON'T MISS SANDRA IN WARNERS' "A SUMMER PLACE" AND "PORTRAIT IN BLACK" FOR U-I, HER HOME STUDIO. SANDRA'S VOICE CAN BE HEARD IN U-I'S FULL-LENGTH CARTOON, "THE SNOW QUEEN," FROM WHICH HER DECCA RECORD "DO IT WHILE YOU'RE YOUNG" WAS TAKEN.

PHOTOGRAPHERS' CREDITS

Rock Hudson color courtesy of *U-I ("Pillow Talk")*; Liz and Eddie color by *Charles Profrock;* Sal Mineo color by *Topix;* Fabian by Gene Cook; Connie Francis by *Topix;* Gale Storm by *Topix;* Carol Lynley and Brandon DeWilde by *Rick Strauss.*

FRIDAY THE 13TH

Continued from page 37

out, but not without a new pair of shoes for Joan and a bouquet of red roses for Lana. Joanne Woodward says a flat "No!" to going any place that has the number 11 in its address and Liz Taylor won't go anywhere at all on Friday the 13th if she has to wear a green dress. Carol Lynley shuns the color black but, since she was born on Friday the 13th (so was Judi Meredith), she thinks that's her lucky number. Lucille Ball can't say why, but her lucky number's 9.

Earl Holliman and Rory Calhoun say they just don't believe in superstitions, but Sandra Dee's answer to that is, "Why take chances?" She goes along with the feeling that any Friday's bad enough (it's been a bad-luck day since even before the silents) but that Friday the 13th is the end. The thing that shakes Sandra up most, is having anyone open an umbrella indoors. He-men Clint Eastwood and Richard Boone turn pale at the thought of airplanes.

Roger Smith is still looking for the black cat that caused his recent accident and his pal, Edd Byrnes, wouldn't walk under a ladder for a solid-gold comb. Dennis O'Keefe is leery of three things (did you know bad things come in threes?): walking under ladders, black cats, and spitting in the wind. When Jane Wyatt first met her husband, he tied her shoelace in a bow, then knotted the bow. She keeps bad luck away from her door by always tying her sons' shoes that way. Ava Gardner gets the same results by parking her chewing gum on the boom of the camera before a movie love scene. Orson Welles believes he's asking for trouble if he speaks to anyone just before a performance and Jimmy Stewart's sure a movie will turn out bad if he doesn't wear a pair of battered brogans at least once in it. Carol Channing says phony diamonds are lucky, but Paulette Goddard won't take a chance on anything but the real ones. Nothing could persuade Connie Stevens that breaking a mirror won't bring seven years bad luck—and you'd have an equally difficult time telling Troy Donahue that he wouldn't be jinxing himself by locking his doors at night. On Friday the 13th, he not only doesn't lock 'em, he leaves them ajar.

If you're in the studio audience at Dinah Shore's dress rehearsal, please don't applaud. That's a worse jinx, Dinah believes, than not walking on the same side of a hydrant or lamp post as she does. Anyone who's with Dinah and happens to stray to the other side, has to say "Bread and Butter"—and three times. Craig Stevens is still wearing the same shirt he wore in the "Peter Gunn" pilot film. He's had it sewn a half-dozen times but he's afraid to throw it away. Incidentally, Craig also wears the same pair of shoes in every fight scene as he wore in his first battle as *Peter Gunn*. He's sure that that's how come he wins every fight. You can spot Bob Fuller on Friday the 13th by his cowboy clothes—he thinks they're lucky. John Smith's luck, though, is something you can't see—it's his name. Changing his name from Robert Van Orden to John Smith, he says, made a new man out of him.

And, whatever you do, don't call the Photoplay office on Friday the 13th. We won't be in. You see, we have our own way of keeping out of trouble; we hide out—at the movies. THE END

LIZ AND EDDIE

Continued from page 42

adverse publicity about your marriage?"

Miss Taylor replied, "I think it can be explained in part by the fact that in the public's mind Debbie's role is that of the typical sweet wonderful girl next door with pigtails and diaper pins."

Mr. Fisher said, "They think of Elizabeth as the femme fatale who broke into the home and stole the husband away.

"I guess I represent to them the husband who has a roving eye . . .

"But while we've been cast in these roles it's not the truth at all. Debbie and I were unhappy from the start. We were cast as America's sweethearts in the minds of a great many people and nobody wanted to believe otherwise. We were going to break up a couple of times and I only stayed the last time because Debbie was going to have a baby.

"The legend that we were the ideal couple was to blame more than anything else for what happened when Elizabeth and I announced that we were going to get married."

"I've never been America's sweetheart," Miss Taylor said, "so I never had Eddie's problem."

Mr. Fisher said, "I think I'm nice, I think Elizabeth's nice, and I think people who make mistakes can still be nice. That's why I think the roles the public has cast us in are wrong.

"The thing I wanted most in the world was Elizabeth. The thing I didn't want was for anyone to be hurt or hurt her. But because I fell in love with her I've had to pay a few penalties, such as the press reaction, the public reaction, and my former sponsor's reaction. But it's worth it, and if I had to do it all over again—I would—though I think I'd do it more discreetly.

"There are very few men who wouldn't trade places with me. That's the trouble. It makes all women so mad."

Miss Taylor said the papers have reported that she was pregnant. "It's not true. When I denied it, they said I had a miscarriage. And when that was denied, there was a rumor that I had a child secretly in a clinic in Yorkshire."

Mr. Fisher said, "The hardest part of this thing is to show we're sincere and what we did was honest and sincere and not what everybody tried to make it. I'm just a guy whose marriage was at an end.

"I knew it, Debbie knew it, our friends knew it. The public didn't know it. Debbie's studio wouldn't admit it. So I was happily married, as far as the public was concerned, long after I was unhappily married.

"The breaking up of a marriage is not an uncommon thing. It's just the personalities involved in this one that makes it uncommon or at least news. But the only point we haven't been able to get over is that I fell in love with Elizabeth and she fell in love with me after my marriage was on the rocks. That doesn't make her a homebreaker.

"One of the things that has hurt the most is that Elizabeth has been accused of being unfaithful to Mike Todd. They say she didn't have the right to fall in love again or so soon after his death. Who puts a time period on when a young woman falls in love or whether she has a right to or not? Who is to say? Apparently everybody thinks they should be the ones."

"Perhaps if Debbie gets married again the public will forgive you."

"You said it," Mr. Fisher said, "I didn't."

THE END

ELIZABETH STARS IN COLUMBIA'S "SUDDENLY LAST SUMMER." EDDIE RECORDS FOR RCA VICTOR.

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INSIDE STUFF

Sara Hamilton's



What would you do if Fabian kissed you?



Dodie Stevens had her hand smooched. Trying to make Fabian a little jealous?

Checking the Rumors: Deborah Kerr's finally owned up to what I've suspected all along. Asked if she were going to marry **Peter Viertel,** she answered promptly, "Yes, of course, as soon as I am legally free." . . . Don't believe those rumors about **Gina Lolobrigida** splitting with her husband. I checked them out and they're just not so. . . . Ditto those romance whispers about **Joan Crawford** and **Billy Rose.** They're just good friends. . . . But if you're looking for a rumor to believe, here's one: More and more, it looks as though **Lana Turner** will give marriage another try—with **Fred May.** . . . And I'm still betting **John Saxon** and **Vicki Thal** are married. She flew to New York to meet his family.

The Sass Box: Middle-aged **John Ireland** selected the house **Tuesday Weld** bought in Hollywood. Tuesday promptly turned it into two apartments—she lives upstairs and her mother down. Tuesday used neighbor **Will Hutchins'** telephone while her own was being installed. "Sugarfoot" wasn't impressed. Truth is, he hopes she keeps on her own side of the fence. . . . With directors **William Wyler** and **Stanley Kramer,** two of the finest, flatly stating they'd never work with **Gregory Peck** again, I think producer **Jerry Wald** and director **Henry King** deserve praise for casting Greg in the difficult role of that sensitive genius, **F. Scott Fitzgerald,** in the movie "Beloved Infidel." And I hope Greg repays them with a fine performance—minus his usual totem-pole style of acting. . . . I approve **George Burns** outburst to son **Ronnie:** "Stay out of Las Vegas, get married and settle down."

A Kiss From The Tiger: When **Debbie Reynolds** dashed into **Fabian's** party at the Interlude, she was all out of breath. "I know I'm late," she told me and Dick Clark, "but I've been rehearsing." The party was a going-away event for both Fabe and his manager, **Bob Marcucci.** Bob was off to Texas to be with **Frankie Avalon** while he finished "The Alamo" and Fabe was soon to depart for a tour of Australia. But despite the separation, the boys wore a wide grin of happiness. That same day, Twentieth had given Fabe a six-year contract, so I guess his first movie, "Hound Dog Man," with **Dodie Stevens** and **Carol Lynley,** pleased the bosses. And oh, yes, I almost forgot: Fabe kissed me goodbye and for a moment we were close to a tear or two.

Baby Talk: Jimmie Rodgers and his wife have never been so happy. They expect their first baby in the Spring and Jimmie has been given a new TV deal. . . . When their housekeeping couple walked out on **Janet Leigh** and **Tony Curtis,** they weren't the least bit fazed. Janet, who is Miss Neat and Tidy, kept the rooms in order and Tony took to the kitchen, whipping up daughter Kelly's birthday cake with pink frosting and everything. "Of course, Tony broke my electric mixer," Janet sighed. Little Kelly's recent operation was an occasion neither Janet nor Tony will forget in a hurry, but Kelly is well and happy again. (*Continued*)

What a Shindig!



Terry Moore and her husband wish George a happy birthday.



Gardner McKay took most of Joan Collins' dances.



Efrem arrived first, but Dennis got Tuesday's kiss.

Ingrid Wins: Ingrid Bergman won custody of her three children. Their father, **Roberto Rossellini,** was granted the privilege of having them one month a year. But the rumbles of more suits and counter-suits between these two still boil and seethe like the Stromboli volcano, always ready to pop. . . . **Sophia Loren** tempted fate a step too far by invading Italy for her movie "Bay of Naples," with **Clark Gable.** Now Sophia and husband **Carlo Ponti,** whose Mexican divorce and proxy marriage don't hold water with the Italian courts, have been slapped with a bigamy charge. . . . Reports of **Liz Taylor's** performance in her London-made movie, "Suddenly Last Summer," should thrill her many loyal fans. And Liz still has them. Liz and Eddie's first trip to Hollywood as man and wife was well-timed—the hoopla over **Khrushchev's** visit kept them out of too many headlines. . . . The **Bill Holdens** and the **Van Johnsons,** who have settled in Swizterland, live on opposite sides of a mountain. Over here, only a freeway separated them. . . . Before **Mel Ferrer** and **Audrey Hepburn** left Switzerland, Audrey did all the cooking for the family, including Mel's three children and constant visitors. Reports are the food was sensational. That Audrey! She does everything well.

The Personal Angle: Marlon Brando hung around New York after he'd finished "The Fugitive Kind," just to look over **France Nuyen's** parents, uncles and aunts. Guess that, after **Anna Kashfi,** he's taking no chances. . . . I've never seen **Spencer Tracy** look happier than at the party **Jean Simmons** and **Stewart Granger** gave for their three-year-old daughter Tracy. He's her godfather and namesake, and he out-beamed the parents. . . . Remember when **Claire Bloom** vowed she would never marry one of those "sweatshirt actors." Well, she wed Method-actor **Rod Steiger.**



Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger could hardly tell Nanette Fabray about that party—they were laughing so hard.

Party of the Month: To begin with, there was an honest-to-goodness red carpet rolled out for us. Seems an airline lost $5,000 worth of host **Butler Astor Myles'** clothes on a recent flight, and the red carpet is what he asked in payment. It was a birthday party for **George Hamilton,** who had no actual date for the party, spent most of his time with **Allison Kimball,** a New York debutante who'd flown out especially for the affair. Spotted **Tuesday Weld,** in a matching gold dress and coat, as she arrived with **Fabrizzio Mioni.** When she saw **Dennis Hopper,** she ran right over and kissed him, but I noticed that Tuesday didn't say a word to **John Ireland** all evening. **Terry Moore** was there with her new husband, **Stuart Cramer III,** who's quite shy. **Carleton Carpenter** came with **Dorothy Provine, Jimmy Boyd** brought **June Blair,** and **Liza Minnelli** came with her father. **Vikki Dugan,** who's made such a splash at parties with her low-backed dresses, had everyone waiting for a look. But when I left at three a.m., she still had her stole on.

The Real Story: Jack Lemmon, with young son Chris, visited **Felicia Farr** on the set of her Audie Murphy movie, "Hell Bent for Paradise," and the two seemed cozy as bugs in rugs. But wedding bells? I doubt it. . . . **Rick Nelson** and Lemmon warbled a duet in "The Wackiest Ship in the Army," with Jack at the piano and Rick twanging his guitar. A gasser!!!! Chatted with **Cary Grant** on the telephone. Says Cary, "If 'Operation Petticoat' isn't a good picture, then I give up." I have news for the handsome Cary. His movie with Tony Curtis is a riot on wheels. The laugh of the year. . . . Big **John Wayne** decided against son **Pat** playing a role in "The Alamo." So, it's back to college for the younger Wayne. . . . **Paul Anka** decided against another Hollywood movie at this time in order to make an extended personal appearance tour. Paul figures he makes more fans that way. And more dough, I might add. . . . From glamour girl to fine actress has been a long lane of many turnings for **Rita Hayworth.** But in the film, "They Came to Cordura," Rita socked over a performance that rocked the town edgeways. And rumors flew around that, in "The Story on Page One," Rita topped herself. After the snubbing **Kim Novak** handed Rita at Columbia Studios, I'm delighted. (*Continued*)

INSIDE STUFF

continued

I Nominate: Diane Baker as one of the nicest girls in town, the young lady who first attracted notice as **Millie Perkin's** sister in "The Diary of Anne Frank" and whom producer Jerry Wald and director Jean Negulesco recalled for added scenes, along with handsome **Bob Evans,** in "The Best of Everything"—their performances were that good. . . . I nominate **Troy Donahue** as a new teenage rave. Tall, blond, in his early twenties and a fine athlete, Troy came to Hollywood from New York to work in his first movie, "A Summer Place," with **Sandra Dee.** A bachelor and a charmer, Troy is here to stay as far as I'm concerned. . . . I believe **Edmund Gwenn** received his finest tribute from a little girl. Hearing of the actor's death, the child fled in tears to her mother crying, "Mamma, Santa Claus is dead." She remembered "The Miracle on 34th Street."



Are Bob and Diane's scenes together too good for just acting?

Last-Minute Flashes: "It's a *girl*!" The doctor smiled at **Bing Crosby,** anxiously pacing the hospital father's room. "It's a *what*?" Bing demanded. And not until daddy Crosby was reassured by his radiant wife Kathy, could he believe his good fortune. After five sons, his dream of a little Mary Frances had finally come true. "I was more nervous this time than ever before," Bing told me later. "I kinda had a feeling something special was happening." Friends hope the presence of their little half-sister may help in bringing Bing and his boys closer together. . . . And it's a girl for the **Mickey Rooneys.** Mickey, who has three sons by former wives, is jubilant over Kelly Ann, born to his fifth wife, the former **Barbara Thomas.** . . . The sadness of Hollywood was heightened by the sudden death of actor **Wayne Morris** at the age of 45. A flying Naval ace in World War II, Wayne, the fifth member of the movie colony to die within a few days, was visiting aboard the aircraft carrier *Bonhomme* when death came. . . . Handsome **Van Williams** of "Bourbon Street Beat" quietly wed **Vicki Richards.** . . . **Shirley MacLaine** may have to have her tonsils removed after she finishes up on "Can Can." . . . **Dorothy Provine** collapsed from exhaustion but I think those few days in the hospital taught Dorothy her lesson. She'll take it easier from now on. . . . **David Niven** and his wife Hjordis are happily reunited —and that's the best news of the month.



Bing had a feeling something special was happening.

Cal York's Jottings:

Rex Harrison is still receiving letters of condolence, all filled with praise for never permitting his late wife **Kay Kendall** to know death was approaching. And **Lauren Bacall,** whose husband died of cancer, has joined producer **Irene Selznick** in starting a Kay Kendall Memorial Fund for Leukemia Research. Irene's dad, **Louis B. Mayer,** also died of leukemia. . . . The town admired the courage of **Jan Sterling,** who carried on with her play, "The Gazebo," after the sudden death of her husband, **Paul Douglas**—because he would have wanted it that way. . . . **Garbo** wept when told of the sudden death of her former designer at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, **Gilbert Adrian.** Dressed in his clothes, Garbo and also **Joan Crawford** became the most copied actresses on the screen. . . . **John Kerr** has finished "The Lives of Elfego Baca" for Disney and is shopping around for a Broadway play. What a pity Hollywood overlooks this fine actor. . . . **Jeff Hunter** and his wife are sad over the loss of their expected baby. . . .The **Michael Rennies** finally settled on a divorce after five years of separation. . . . The **Brigitte Bardot** baby rumors have the town puzzled. Her movie producers say yes, her husband screams no, and Brigitte just pouts. And says nothing. . . . **Deborah Kerr** made sure her Australian movie would be postponed long enough for her to visit London and see her two adored daughters. . . . Looks like **Erin O'Brien's** reconciliation with her husband, **Jimmy Fitzgerald,** is taking. . . . If you've been wondering what happened to **Natalie Trundy,** who left Hollywood to go back to being a debutante in New York, she married **Charles Hirshon,** a real-estate heir. . . . **Peter Finch,** who made such a hit in "The Nun's Story," expects his own heir next spring. . . . **Glenn Ford's** trying to solve his problems with zen-Buddhism.



Jan carried on. She knew Paul would have wanted it.

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